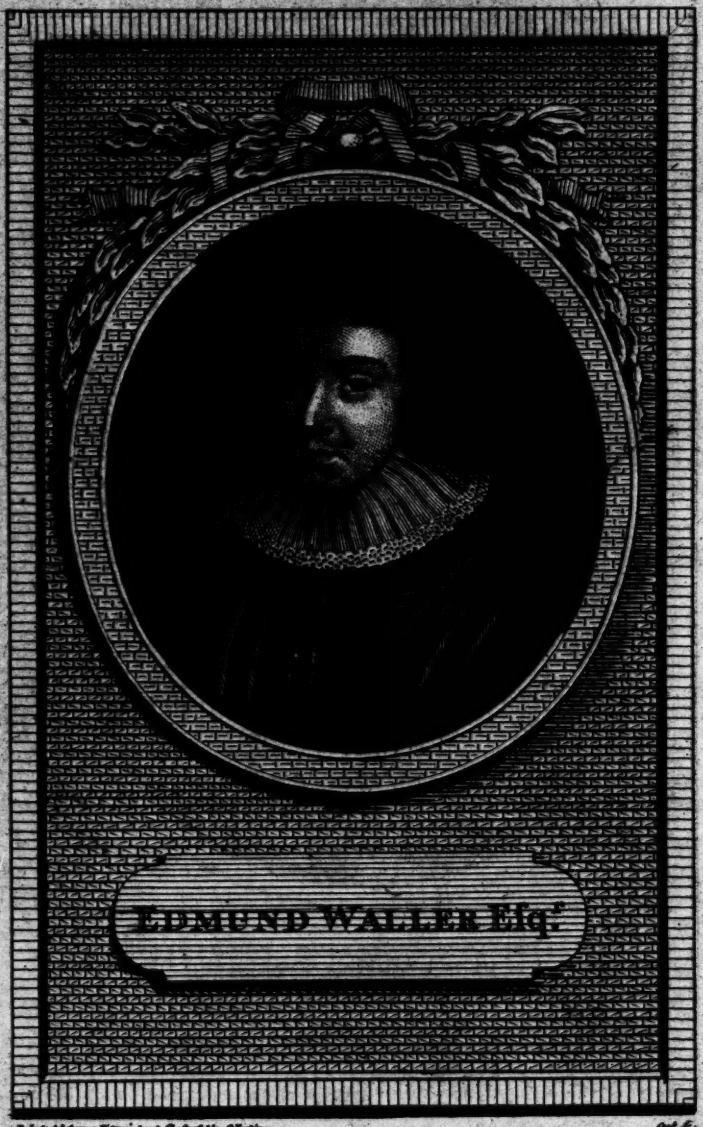
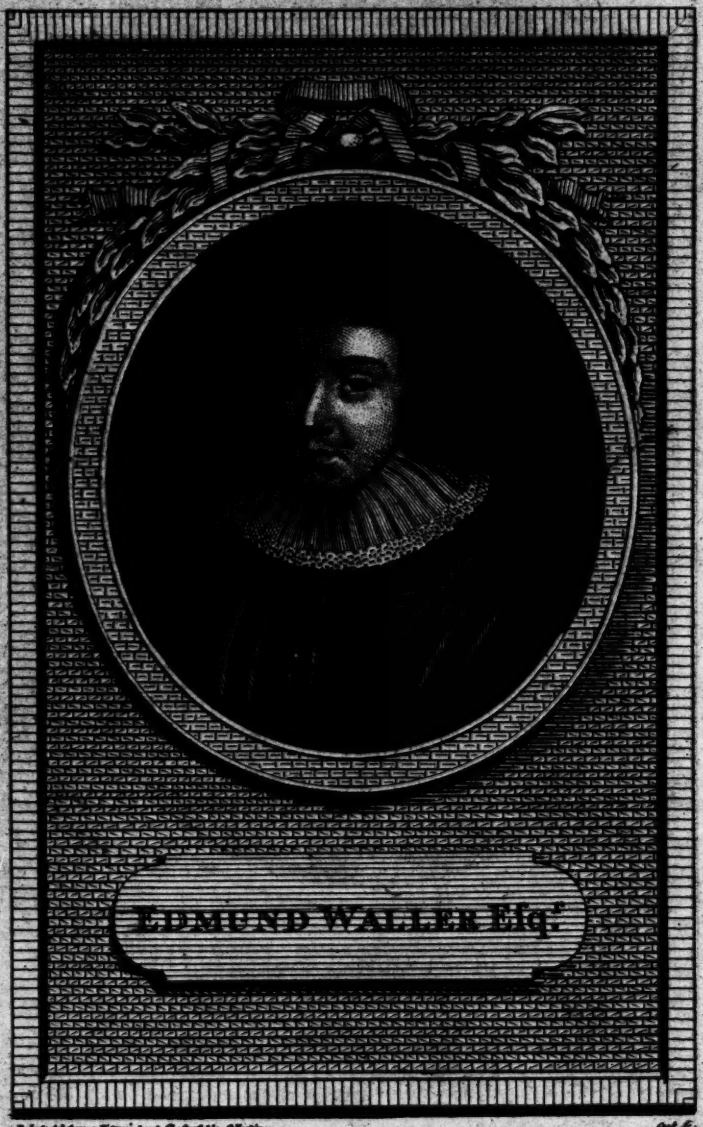


EDMUND WALLER Esq.r

Robt Cooper a Hamptn Lord Cuyp pinxit Oliverius. sculpt.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Nov.r 1777.



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BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND WALLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

FROM MR. FENTON'S QUARTO EDIT. 1729.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When WALLER, kindling with celeſtial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.---
His Muſe, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the fair,
Or ſing of heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender powers of love.---
The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray.---
Maker and model of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honours at thy herſe. FENTON.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1777.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND WALLER.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES.

Tho' poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his judgment ſhows.
Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompenſe.---
Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe.
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told:---
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muſes taught.

POEM TO LORD ROSCOMMON.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
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EDMUND WALLER.

It has been frequently obſerved, that the life of a poet affords but few materials for a narrative, and that the time of his birth and death, with the intervening dates of his publications, are the chief anecdotes of him which we can tranſmit to poſterity. This opinion has been the leſs controverted, becauſe long received: but however inſignificant the life of a poet may be thought in itſelf, or however difficult it may be to trace his progreſs through it, the life of Waller, it is hoped, will afford many intereſting particulars to the generality of readers.

Edmund Waller was born on the 3d of March 1605, at Coleſhill, in the county of Hertford. He was the ſon of Robert Waller, Eſq. of Agmondeſham in Buckinghamſhire, by Anne, the ſiſter of John Hampden, Eſq. the celebrated republican who diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much in the beginning of the Civil wars, and who was killed at the battle of Chalgrove.

Robert, our Poet's father, was bred to the profeſſion of the law; but exchanging that ſtudy for a country retirement, by economy, and application to agriculture, he improved his paternal fortune; and dying whilſt our Author was in a ſtate of infancy, left him heir to 3500*l.* a-year.

The care of young Waller's education now devol-

12

ved on his mother. He was ſent to Eton ſchool, and to King's College in Cambridge; but Mr. Wood, in his *Athen. Oxon.* ſays, that he was moſtly trained in grammar learning under Mr. Dobſon, miniſter of Great Wycombe in Bucks. He gave early diſcoveries of that acuteneſs of imagination which afterwards breathed through his poetical and proſe compoſitions; for at ſixteen years of age he was elected burgeſs for Aymeſham, and took his ſeat in the Houſe of Commons in the third parliament of James I. That our Author did not exceed the years here aſcribed to him, is evident from his own words; "I was but ſixteen," ſays he, "when I ſat firſt; and ſometimes it has "been thought fit that young men may be early in "councils, that they may be alive when others are "dead." And hence Lord Clarendon has obſerved, in his character of young Waller, "that he was nurſed "in parliaments." He obtained a ſeat in parliament a ſecond time, before arriving at the age of manhood, for the borough of Chipping-Wycombe in Buckinghamſhire, in the firſt parliament of Charles I.; and in the third parliament of the ſame prince he was again elected for Aymeſham.

Our Author began to give proofs of his poetical genius ſo early as the year 1623, when he had not exceeded his 18th year, as appears from the copy of verſes "Upon the danger his Majeſty (being prince) "eſcaped in the road of St. Andero;" for there

Prince Charles, before ſetting ſail for England, after long ſoliciting a marriage with the Infanta at the Spaniſh court, gave a magnificent entertainment on board the Britiſh admiral, then in the port of St. Andero, to ſome Spaniſh noblemen who had eſcorted him from Madrid; but in going a-ſhore, the prince, with his company, were on the point of periſhing in a violent ſtorm. In this beautiful panegyric we meet with that unexpected, yet natural approximation, compariſon, and contraſt of different images, which characterize the writings of Waller. Yet, perhaps, it was not ſo much owing to his wit, his fine parts, or his talent for poetry, that he came firſt to be publicly known and diſtinguiſhed, as to his carrying off the daughter and ſole heireſs of a rich citizen, againſt a rival whoſe intereſt was eſpouſed by the court. This lady was Anne, the daughter of Richard Banks, Eſq. and Waller's rival was a gentleman of the name of Crofts, who paid his addreſſes to the lady backed by the influence and intereſt of the court. It is not known at what time he married this lady, but he was a widower before reaching his 25th year, when he began to entertain a paſſion for Sachariſſa, which was a fictitious name for the Lady Dorothy Sidney, the eldeſt daughter of the Earl of Leiceſter, afterwards Counteſs of Sunderland. She was one of the celebrated beauties of that age, and in her were united every perſonal and mental accompliſhment.

He now lived more expenſively than uſual, was known at court, was careſſed by all the people of quality who had any reliſh for wit and polite literature, and made one of that celebrated club of which Lord Falkland, Mr. Chillingworth, Sir Francis Wenman, Mr. Godolphin, and other diſtinguiſhed men, were members. By mixing with the learned and virtuous, our ideas are arranged, our knowledge becomes more diffuſed, and our beſt habits are formed and ſtrengthened; for the cloſet only begins that work which ſociety completes, by giving the mind all that embelliſhment and dignity which it is capable of receiving.

At one of theſe meetings this illuſtrious club of wits heard a noiſe in the ſtreet, and were told that a ſon of Ben Johnſon was arreſted. The unhappy man was ſent for, who proved to be Mr. George Morley, afterwards Biſhop of Wincheſter. Mr. Waller liked him ſo well that he paid the debt, which was about 100 *l.* on condition he agreed to live with him at Beaconsfield. Mr. Morley did ſo for ſeveral years; and Waller uſed frequently to acknowledge, that from this gentleman he imbibed a taſte for the ancient writers, and acquired what he had of their manner. As Mr. Waller, prior to this incident with Morley, had given ſpecimens of his poetical genius, we are only to ſuppoſe that Morley improved and refined this propenſity.

The above circumſtance is contradicted by Lord Clarendon, and, upon his authority, by Mr. Stockdale, who has lately obliged the world with the life of our Poet. According to this laſt biographer, Morley, who was one of the politeſt ſcholars of the age, was related to our Author, and their love of letters produced an intimacy and friendſhip between them. He further obſerves, "that Morley uſed often to viſit Waller at "Beaconsfield, and aſſiſt him in his literary progreſs. "He directed him in his choice of books; he read "with him the capital authors of antiquity; he en- "larged his underſtanding, and refined his taſte. "That his couſin Waller, therefore, might gain all "poſſible improvement, and riſe to that conſequence "which he might derive from his uncommon abi- "lities, he introduced him into Lord Falkland's "club."—"He brought him," ſays Lord Clarendon, "into that company which was moſt celebrated for "good converſation."

During the long intermiſſion of parliaments, from 1629 to 1640, Waller dedicated moſt of his time to the proſecution of his ſtudies. At length a parliament was called in the 1640, which is called the Short Parliament, as it met on the 13th of April, and was diſſolved before the end of May. This long receſs of parliament having diſguſted the nation, and raiſed jealouſies againſt the deſigns of the court, which would be ſure to diſcover themſelves whenever the King came

to aſk a ſupply, Mr. Waller, elected for Aymeſham, reſolved to attack the late meaſures of the court, and plead the cauſe of freedom and the people. On the 22d April 1640, in a moſt animated ſpeech, fortunately preſerved, he gives us ſome notions of his general principles in government. He propoſed to the Houſe, that the neceſſary ſubſidies ſhould be granted to the King, but that before they were taken into conſideration the faults of adminiſtration ſhould be examined and redreſſed, liberty confirmed, and property ſecured. This ſpeech does Waller honour, as it evinces he was equally an enemy to deſpotiſm and anarchy, and that he meant not to abridge the lawful authority of the King, though he ſtrenuouſly vindicated the rights of the people.

The Long Parliament met on the 3d of Nov. 1640, in which Waller again repreſented Aymeſham for the third time. Being now warmly actuated with that general ſpirit of oppoſition to the court, which the abrupt diſſolution of the preceding parliament, and other unpopular meaſures of the King and his miniſters had excited, (although it does not appear that at this criſis he harboured any rebellious deſigns againſt his ſovereign) Waller was appointed to ſupport the impeachment againſt Judge Crawley. Accordingly, on the 16th July 1641, at a conference of the Two Houſes, he delivered the impeachment, and enforced it with a ſpeech replete with pointed wit and nervous

eloquence; a ſpeech ſo highly applauded, that 20,000 copies of it were ſold in one day. Yet did it not effect its purpoſe, as no puniſhment was inflicted on Crawley, a Juſtice of the Court of Common Pleas, and one of the twelve Judges, and whoſe crime was that of ſubſcribing to an opinion that the King had a right to levy ſhip-money.

Matters having now come to an extremity betwixt the King and his parliament, Charles, on the 22d of Auguſt 1642, erected the royal ſtandard at Nottingham, and on this occaſion our Author ſent his Majeſty a thouſand broad pieces; a pretty convincing proof that he wiſhed not ill to the royal cauſe; at the ſame time correſponding with thoſe more immediately employed about the King's perſon; by their means he obtained the royal leave for returning to his duty in parliament, where it was expected he would be of ſingular ſervice to his prince by the force of his eloquence.

Soon after the battle of Edge-hill, which was fought on the 23d Oct. 1642, Charles retired to Oxford, where Waller was one of the Commiſſioners appointed by the parliament to preſent their propoſitions of peace. The Commiſſioners were received by his Majeſty in the garden of Chriſt-Church, and Waller, as the loweſt in rank, was preſented laſt. After having kiſſed the royal hand, Charles looking on him with complacency, ſaid, "Though you are the laſt,

"yet you are not the worſt, nor the leaſt in my fa-
"vour."

As Whitelocke, who was alſo one of the Commiſſioners deputed by the parliament gives teſtimony to the above anecdote, we can hardly queſtion its authenticity; and though that author's veracity ought not to be diſputed in narrating a fact of which himſelf was witneſs, yet ought we not wholly to rely on the concluſions which he deduces from it. He more than once aſſerts, that the favourable reception conferred upon Waller by the King at Oxford was in conſequence of the plot then forming by him for his Majeſty's intereſt, and which was detected in a ſhort time after the return of the Commiſſioners to London. But it is hardly probable that Charles ſhould commit a ſoleciſm in politics ſo extremely flagrant, if he really knew that Waller had aſſociated againſt his foes, as thus to take public and particular notice of him on that account, and conſequently mark him a victim of the parliament's wrath, ſhould his concert miſcarry.

This plot was formed and diſcovered in the 1643, and was of ſo mild a nature, that Mr. Hume ſays, "it "might with more juſtice be ſtyled a project than a "plot." Mr. Whitelocke has given the following account of this affair *.

"June 1643," ſays he, "began the arraignment of

* Memorials of Engliſh affairs, p. 70. edit. 1732.

" Waller, Tomkins, Challoner, and others, conſpi-
" ring to ſurpriſe the City militia, and ſome members
" of parliament, and to let in the King's forces to
" ſurpriſe the City, and diſſolve the parliament. Wal-
" ler, a very ingenious man, was the principal actor
" and contriver of this plot, which was in deſign
" when he and the other Commiſſioners were at Ox-
" ford with the parliament's propoſitions, and that
" being then known to the King, occaſioned him to
" ſpeak theſe words to Waller, *Though you are the laſt,*
" *yet you are not the worſt, nor the leaſt in favour.* When
" he was examined touching this plot, he was aſked
" whether Selden, Pierpoint, Whitelocke, and others
" by name, were acquainted with it? He anſwered,
" That they were not; but that he did come one
" evening to Selden's ſtudy, where Pierpoint and
" Whitelocke then were with Selden, on purpoſe to
" impart it to them all; and ſpeaking of ſuch a
" thing in general terms, theſe gentlemen did ſo in-
" veigh againſt any ſuch thing as treachery and baſe-
" neſs, and that which might be the occaſion of ſhed-
" ding much blood, that he ſaid he durſt not, for the
" awe and reſpect which he had for Selden and the
" reſt, communicate any of the particulars to them,
" but was almoſt diſheartened himſelf to proceed in
" it. They were all upon their trials condemned.
" Tomkins and Challoner only were hanged. Wal-
" ler had a reprieve from General Eſſex; and after

" a year's imprisonment paid, a fine of 10,000 *l.*
" and was pardoned."

That the reader may be enabled to judge of this matter with the greater precision, to this account by Whitelocke we shall subjoin that of Lord Clarendon; *History*, printed at Oxford, 1727, vol. II. part I. p. 247:

" There was of the House of Commons," says the noble historian, " one Mr. Waller, a gentleman of a
" very good fortune and estate, and of admirable parts
" and faculties of wit and eloquence, and of an in-
" timate conversation and familiarity with those who
" had that reputation. He had, from the beginning
" of the parliament, been looked upon by all men as
" a person of very entire affections to the King's ser-
" vice, and to the established government of church
" and state; and by having no manner of relation to
" the court, had the more credit and interest to pro-
" mote the rights of it. When the ruptures grew so
" great between the King and the two Houses, that
" very many of the members withdrew from those
" counsels, he, among the rest, with equal dislike, ab-
" sented himself; but at the time the standard was
" set up, having intimacy and friendship with some
" persons now of nearness about the King, with the
" King's approbation he returned again to London,
" where he spoke, upon all occasions, with great
" sharpness and freedom, which (now there were so
" few there that used it, and there was no danger of

"being over-voted) was not reſtrained, and therefore "uſed as an argument againſt thoſe who were gone "upon pretence "that they were not ſuffered to de- "clare their opinion freely in the Houſe, which could "not be believed, when all men knew what liberty "Mr. Waller took, and ſpoke every day with impu- "nity againſt the ſenſe and proceedings of the Houſe." "This won him a great reputation with all people "who wiſhed well to the King, and he was looked "upon as the boldeſt champion the crown had in "both Houſes; ſo that ſuch Lords and Commons as "really deſired to prevent the ruin of the kingdom, "willingly complied in a great familiarity with him, "as a man reſolute in their ends, and beſt able to "promote them: and it may be they believed his "reputation at court ſo good, that he would be no "ill evidence there of other men's zeal and affection; "and ſo all men ſpoke their minds freely to him, "both of the general diſtemper, and of the paſſions "and ambition of particular perſons; all men know- "ing him to be of too good a fortune, and too wary "a nature, to engage himſelf in deſigns of danger or "hazard.

"Mr. Waller had a brother-in-law, one Mr. Tom- "kins, who had married his ſiſter, and was Clerk of "the Queen's Council, of very good fame for ho- "neſty and ability. This gentleman had good inte- "reſt and reputation in the City, and converſed much

" with thoſe who diſliked the proceedings of the par-
" liament, and wiſhed to live under the ſame govern-
" ment they were born, and from thoſe citizens re-
" ceived information of the temper of the people
" upon accidents in the public affairs: and Mr. Wal-
" ler and he, with that confidence that uſes to be be-
" tween brethren of the ſame good affections, fre-
" quently imparted their obſervations and opinions
" to each other, the one relating how many in both
" Houſes inclined to peace, and the other making the
" ſame judgment upon the correſpondence he had,
" and intelligence he received, from the moſt ſubſtan-
" tial men of London; and both of them again com-
" municated what one received from the other to
" the company they uſed to converſe with; Mr. Wal-
" ler imparting the wiſhes and power of the well-
" affected party in the City to the lords and gen-
" tlemen whom he knew to be of the ſame mind,
" and Mr. Tomkins acquainting thoſe he durſt truſt
" of the City, that ſuch and ſuch lords and gentle-
" men, who were of ſpecial note, were weary of the
" diſtractions, and would heartily and confidently
" contribute to ſuch an honourable and honeſt peace
" as all men knew would be moſt acceptable to the
" King: and from hence they came reaſonably to a
" concluſion, that if ſome means were found out to
" raiſe a confidence in thoſe who wiſhed well, that
" they ſhould not be oppreſſed by the extravagant
" power of the deſperate party, but that if they

" would ſo far aſſiſt one another as to declare their " opinions to be the ſame, they ſhould be able to " prevent or ſuppreſs thoſe tumults which ſeemed " to countenance the diſtractions, and the Houſes " would be induced to terms of moderation.

" In this time the Lord Conway, being returned " from Ireland, incenſed againſt the Scots, and diſ- " contented with the parliament here, finding Mr. " Waller in good eſteem with the Earl of Northum- " berland, and of great friendſhip with the Earl of " Portland, he entered into the ſame familiarity; " and, being more of a ſoldier, in the diſcourſes ad- " miniſtered queſtions and conſiderations neceſſary " to be underſtood by men that either meant to uſe " force, or to reſiſt it, and wiſhed " that they who " had intereſt and acquaintance in the City would " endeavour, by mutual correſpondence, to inform " themſelves of the diſtinct affections of their neigh- " bours, that, upon any exigent, men might foreſee " whom they might truſt;" and theſe diſcourſes be- " ing again derived by Mr. Waller to Mr. Tomkins, " he, upon occaſion and conference with his com- " panions, inſiſted on the ſame arguments; and they " again converſing with their friends and acquaint- " ance, (for of all this buſineſs there were not above " three who ever ſpoke together) agreed " that ſome " well-affected perſons, in every pariſh and ward " about London, ſhould make a liſt of all the inhabi-

" tants, and thereupon to make a reaſonable gueſs of
" their ſeveral affections, (which at that time was no
" hard thing for obſerving men to do) and thence a
" computation of the ſtrength and power of that
" party which was notoriouſly violent againſt any
" accommodation.

" I am perſuaded the utmoſt project in this deſign
" was (I ſpeak not what particular men might intend
" or wiſh upon their own fancies) to beget ſuch a com-
" bination among the party well-affected, that they
" would refuſe to conform to thoſe ordinances of
" the twentieth part, and other taxes for the ſupport
" of the war, and thereby, or by joint petitioning for
" peace, and diſcountenancing the other who peti-
" tioned againſt it, to prevail with the parliament to
" incline to a determination of the war. And it may be
" ſome men might think of making advantage of any
" caſual commotion, or preventing any miſchief by
" it; and thereupon that inquiry where the magazines
" lay, and diſcourſe of wearing ſome diſtinguiſhing
" tokens, had been rather caſually mentioned than
" ſeriouſly propoſed: for it is certain very many, who
" were conſcious to themſelves of loyal purpoſes to
" the King, and of hearty diſlike of the parliament's
" proceedings, and obſerved the violent, revengeful,
" ruinating proſecution of all men by thoſe of the
" engaged party, were not without ſad apprehen-
" ſions that, upon ſome jealouſy and quarrel picked,
" even a general maſſacre might be attempted of all

" the King's friends; and thereupon, in ſeveral diſ-
" courſes, might touch upon ſuch expedients as might,
" in thoſe ſeaſons, be moſt beneficial to their ſafety.
" But that there was ever any formed deſign, either
" of letting in the King's army into London, which
" was impoſſible to be contrived, or of raiſing an ar-
" my there, and ſurpriſing the parliament, or any
" one perſon of it, or of uſing any violence in or upon
" the City, I could never yet ſee cauſe to believe;
" and if there had, they would have publiſhed ſuch a
" relation of it, after Mr. Waller had confeſſed to them
" all he knew, had heard, or fancied to himſelf, as
" might have conſtituted ſome reaſonable underſtand-
" ing of it, and not have contented themſelves with
" making concluſions from queſtions that had been
" aſked, and anſwers made by perſons unknown, and
" forcing expreſſions uſed by one to relate to actions of
" another, between whom there had been never the
" leaſt acquaintance or correſpondence, and joining
" what was ſaid at London to ſomewhat done at Ox-
" ford at another time, and to another purpoſe; for,
" before I finiſh this diſcourſe, it will be neceſſary to
" ſpeak of another action which, how diſtinct ſoever
" from this that is related, was woven together to
" make one plot.

" From the King's coming to Oxford, many citi-
" zens of good quality, who were proſecuted, or jea-
" louſly looked upon in London, had reſorted to the
" King, and hoping, if the winter produced not a

" tants, and thereupon to make a reaſonable gueſs of
" their ſeveral affections, (which at that time was no
" hard thing for obſerving men to do) and thence a
" computation of the ſtrength and power of that
" party which was notoriouſly violent againſt any
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" caſual commotion, or preventing any miſchief by
" it; and thereupon that inquiry where the magazines
" lay, and diſcourſe of wearing ſome diſtinguiſhing
" tokens, had been rather caſually mentioned than
" ſeriouſly propoſed: for it is certain very many, who
" were conſcious to themſelves of loyal purpoſes to
" the King, and of hearty diſlike of the parliament's
" proceedings, and obſerved the violent, revengeful,
" ruinating proſecution of all men by thoſe of the
" engaged party, were not without ſad apprehen-
" ſions that, upon ſome jealouſy and quarrel picked,
" even a general maſſacre might be attempted of all

" the King's friends; and thereupon, in ſeveral diſ-
" courſes, might touch upon ſuch expedients as might,
" in thoſe ſeaſons, be moſt beneficial to their ſafety.
" But that there was ever any formed deſign, either
" of letting in the King's army into London, which
" was impoſſible to be contrived, or of raiſing an ar-
" my there, and ſurpriſing the parliament, or any
" one perſon of it, or of uſing any violence in or upon
" the City, I could never yet ſee cauſe to believe;
" and if there had, they would have publiſhed ſuch a
" relation of it, after Mr. Waller had confeſſed to them
" all he knew, had heard, or fancied to himſelf, as
" might have conſtituted ſome reaſonable underſtand-
" ing of it, and not have contented themſelves with
" making concluſions from queſtions that had been
" aſked, and anſwers made by perſons unknown, and
" forcing expreſſions uſed by one to relate to actions of
" another, between whom there had been never the
" leaſt acquaintance or correſpondence, and joining
" what was ſaid at London to ſomewhat done at Ox-
" ford at another time, and to another purpoſe; for,
" before I finiſh this diſcourſe, it will be neceſſary to
" ſpeak of another action which, how diſtinct ſoever
" from this that is related, was woven together to
" make one plot.

" From the King's coming to Oxford, many citi-
" zens of good quality, who were proſecuted, or jea-
" louſly looked upon in London, had reſorted to the
" King, and hoping, if the winter produced not a

" peace, that the ſummer would carry the King be-
" fore that city with an army, they had entertained
" ſome diſcourſe " of raiſing, upon their own ſtocks
" of money and credit, ſome regiments of foot and
" horſe, and joining with ſome gentlemen of Kent,
" who were likewiſe inclined to ſuch an undertа-
" king." Among theſe was Sir Nicholas Criſp, a citizen
" of good wealth, great trade, and an active-ſpirited
" man, who had been lately proſecuted with great
" ſeverity by the Houſe of Commons, and had there-
" upon fled from London, for appearing too great a
" ſtickler in a petition for peace in the City. This
" gentleman induſtriouſly preſerved a correſpondence
" ſtill there, by which he gave the King often very
" uſeful intelligence, and aſſured him " of a very
" conſiderable party which would appear there for
" him, whenever his own power ſhould be ſo near as
" to give them any countenance." In the end, whe-
" ther invited by his correſpondents there, or truſt-
" ing his own ſprightly inclinations and reſolutions
" too much, and concluding that all who were equal-
" ly honeſt would be equally bold, he deſired his Ma-
" jeſty " to grant a commiſſion to ſuch perſons, whom
" he would nominate, of the City of London, under
" the great ſeal of England, in the nature of a Com-
" miſſion of Array, by virtue whereof, when the ſea-
" ſon ſhould come, his party there would appear in
" diſcipline and order; and that this was deſired by
" thoſe who beſt knew what countenance and autho-

" rity was requiſite, and, being truſted to them, would " not be executed at all, or elſe at ſuch a time as his " Majeſty ſhould receive ample fruit by it, provided " it were done with ſecreſy equal to the hazard they " ſhould run who were employed in it.

" The King had this exception to it, " the improbability that it could do good, and that the failing " might do hurt to the undertakers." But the promoter was a very popular man in the City, where he " had been a commander of the Trained Bands till " the ordinance of the militia removed him, which " rather improved than leſſened his credit, and he " was very confident it would produce a notable advantage to the King. However, they deſired it who " were there, and would not appear without it; and " therefore the King conſented to it, referring the " nomination of all perſons in the commiſſion to " him, who, he verily believed, had proceeded by the " inſtruction and advice of thoſe that were neareſt " the concernment: and for the ſecreſy of it, the King " referred the preparing and diſpatch of the commiſſion to Sir Nicholas Criſp himſelf, who ſhould " acquaint no more with it than he found requiſite. " So, without the privity or advice of any counſellor " or miniſter of ſtate then moſt truſted by his Majeſty, he procured ſuch a commiſſion as he deſired " (being no other than the Commiſſion of Array in " Engliſh) to be ſigned by the King, and ſealed with " the great ſeal.

" This being done, and remaining ſtill in his cuſ-
" tody, the Lady Aubigney, by a paſs, and with the
" conſent of the Houſes, came to Oxford to tranſact
" the affairs of her own fortune with the King, upon
" the death of her huſband, who was killed at Edge-
" hill; and ſhe having in few days diſpatched her bu-
" ſineſs there, and being ready to return, Sir Nicho-
" las Criſp came to the King, and beſought him " to
" deſire that lady (who had a paſs, and ſo could pro-
" miſe herſelf ſafety in her journey) to carry a ſmall
" box (in which that commiſſion ſhould be) with her,
" and to keep it in her own cuſtody until a gentleman
" ſhould call to her Ladyſhip for it by ſuch a token;
" that token, he ſaid, he could ſend to one of the per-
" ſons truſted, who ſhould keep it by him till the op-
" portunity came in which it might be executed."
" The King accordingly wiſhed the Lady Aubigney to
" carry it with great care and ſecreſy, telling her " it
" much concerned his own ſervice, and to deliver it
" in ſuch manner, and upon ſuch aſſurance, as is
" before mentioned;" which ſhe did, and, within few
" days after her return to London, delivered it to a
" perſon who was appointed to call for it. How this
" commiſſion was diſcovered I could never learn; for
" though Mr. Waller had the honour to be admitted
" often to that lady, and was believed by her to be
" a gentleman of moſt entire affections to the King's
" ſervice, and, conſequently, might be fitly truſted

" with what ſhe knew, yet her Ladyſhip herſelf not
" knowing what it was ſhe carried, could not in-
" form any body elſe.

" But about this time a ſervant of Mr. Tomkins,
" who had often curſorily overheard his maſter and
" Mr. Waller diſcourſe of the argument we are now
" upon, placed himſelf behind a hanging at a time they
" were together, and there, whilſt either of them diſ-
" courſed the language and opinion of the company
" they kept, overheard enough to make him believe
" his information and diſcovery would make him wel-
" come to thoſe whom he thought concerned, and ſo
" went to Mr. Pym, and acquainted him with all he
" had heard, or probably imagined. The time when
" Mr. Pym was made acquainted with it is not known,
" but the circumſtances of the publiſhing it were ſuch
" as filled all men with apprehenſions. It was on
" Wedneſday the 31ſt of May, their ſolemn faſt-day,
" when, being all at their ſermon, in St. Margaret's
" church in Weſtminſter, according to their cuſtom,
" a letter or meſſage is brought privately to Mr. Pym,
" who thereupon, with ſome of the moſt active mem-
" bers, riſe from their ſeats, and, after a little whiſ-
" pering together, remove out of the church. This
" could not but exceedingly affect thoſe who ſtaid
" behind. Immediately they ſend guards to all the
" priſons, as Lambeth-houſe, Ely-houſe, and ſuch
" places, where their malignants were in cuſtody, with

" directions " to ſearch the priſoners, and ſome other " places which they thought fit ſhould be ſuſpected." " After the ſermons were ended the Houſes met, and " were only then told, " that letters were intercepted " going to the King and the court at Oxford, that " expreſſed ſome notable conſpiracy in hand, to de- " liver up the parliament and the City into the hands " of the Cavaliers, and that the time for the execu- " tion of it drew very near." Hereupon a committee " was appointed, " to examine all perſons they " thought fit, and to apprehend ſome nominated at " that time." And the ſame night this committee ap- " prehended Mr. Waller and Mr. Tomkins, and the " next day ſuch others as they ſuſpected.

" Mr. Waller was ſo confounded with fear and ap- " prehenſion, that he confeſſed whatever he had ſaid, " heard, thought, or ſeen; all that he knew of him- " ſelf, and all that he ſuſpected of others, without " concealing any perſon, of what degree or quality " ſoever, or any diſcourſe that he had ever, upon " any occaſion, entertained with them: what ſuch " and ſuch ladies, of great honour, to whom, upon " the credit of his great wit and very good reputa- " tion he had been admitted, had ſpoke to him in " their chambers of the proceedings in the Houſes, " and how they had encouraged him to oppoſe them; " what correſpondence and intercourſe they had with " ſome miniſters of ſtate at Oxford, and how they

"derived all intelligence thither. He informed them,
"that the Earl of Portland and the Lord Conway
"had been particular in all the agitations which had
"been with the citizens, and had given frequent ad-
"vice and directions how they ſhould demean them-
"ſelves; and that the Earl of Northumberland had
"expreſſed very good wiſhes to any attempt that
"might give a ſtop to the violent actions and proceed-
"ings of the Houſes, and produce a good underſtand-
"ing with the King."—

"They proceeded to try Mr. Tomkins, Mr. Chal-
"loner, a citizen of good wealth and credit, and moſt
"intimate with Mr. Tomkins, Mr. Hambden, who
"brought the laſt meſſage from the King, one Haſ-
"ſel, a meſſenger of the King's, who paſſed often be-
"tween London and Oxford, and ſometimes carried
"letters and meſſages to the Lord Falkland, and
"ſome citizens whoſe names were in the commiſſion
"ſent from Oxford, by a council of war; by whom
"Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Challoner were condemned
"to be hanged, and were both, with all the circum-
"ſtances of ſeverity and cruelty, executed; the one
"on a gibbet by his own houſe in Holborn, where he
"had long lived with ſingular eſtimation, and the
"other by his houſe in Cornhill, near the Old Ex-
"change. Haſſel, the meſſenger, ſaved them further
"trouble, and died in priſon the night before his
"trial: and there being no evidence againſt Mr.

" Hambden but what Mr. Waller himſelf gave, they " gave no judgment againſt him, but kept him long " after in priſon till he died. Neither proceeded they " capitally againſt thoſe citizens whoſe names were " in the commiſſion, it not appearing that their names " were uſed with their conſent and privity, though " the brand of being Malignants ſerved the turn for " their undoing; for all their eſtates were ſeized, as " theirs were who had been executed.

" There is nothing clearer than that the commiſ- " ſion ſent from Oxford by the Lady Aubigney had " not any relation to the diſcourſes paſſed between " Mr. Waller, Tomkins, and thoſe citizens, or that " they who knew of one had not any privity with the " other, which if they had had, and intended ſuch " an inſurrection as was alledged, Mr. Waller, or " Mr. Tomkins, or ſome one of thoſe lords who were " ſuppoſed to combine with them, would have been " in the commiſſion: or if the King's miniſters had " been engaged in the conſultation, and hoped to " have raiſed a party which ſhould ſuddenly ſeize " upon the City and the parliament, they would ne- " ver have thought a commiſſion granted to ſome " gentlemen at Oxford, (for the major part of the " Commiſſioners were there) and a few private citi- " zens, would have ſerved for that work. I am very " confident, and I have very much reaſon for that con- " fidence, that there was no more known or thought

"of at Oxford, concerning the matter of the com-
"miſſion, than I have before ſet forth; nor of the
"other, than that Mr. Tomkins ſometimes writ to
"the Lord Falkland, (for Mr. Waller, out of the
"cautiouſneſs of his own nature never writ word)
"and by meſſengers ſignified to him, "that the
"number of thoſe who deſired peace, and abhorred
"the proceedings of the Houſes, was very conſider-
"able; and that they reſolved, by refuſing to contri-
"bute to the war, and to ſubmit to their ordinances,
"to declare and manifeſt themſelves in that manner,
"that the violent party in the City ſhould not have
"credit enough to hinder any accommodation."
"And the Lord Falkland always returned anſwer,
"" That they ſhould expedite thoſe expedients as
"ſoon as might be, for that delays made the war
"more difficult to be reſtrained." And if I could
"find evidence or reaſon to induce me to believe that
"there was any further deſign in the thing itſelf, or
"that the King gave further countenance to it, I
"ſhould not at all conceal it. No man can imagine,
"that if the King could have entertained any pro-
"bable hope of reducing London, which was the fo-
"menter, ſupporter, and indeed the life of the war,
"or could have found any expedient from whence he
"could reaſonably propoſe to diſſolve, ſcatter, and
"diſperſe thoſe who, under the name of a Parliament,
"had kindled a war againſt him, but he would have

" given his utmoſt aſſiſtance and countenance there-
" unto, either by public force or private contrivance.
" There were very great endeavours uſed to have
" proceeded with equal ſeverity againſt the Earl of
" Portland and the Lord Conway, (for the accuſa-
" tion of the Earl of Northumberland it was pro-
" ceeded tenderly in; for though the violent party
" was heartily incenſed againſt him, as a man weary
" of them, yet his reputation was ſtill very great)
" who were both cloſe priſoners; and, to that purpoſe,
" their Lordſhips and Mr. Waller were confronted
" before the committee, where they as peremptorily
" denying as he charging them, and there being no
" other witneſs but he againſt them, the proſecution
" was rather let alone than declined, till, after a long
" reſtraint, they procured enlargement upon bail.
" Mr. Waller himſelf, (though confeſſedly the moſt
" guilty, and by his unhappy demeanour in this time
" of his affliction he had raiſed as many enemies as
" he had formerly friends, and almoſt the ſame) af-
" ter he had, with incredible diſſimulation, acted ſuch
" a remorſe of conſcience, that his trial was put off,
" out of Chriſtian compaſſion, till he might recover
" his underſtanding, (and that was not till the heat
" and fury of the proſecutors was reaſonably abated
" with the ſacrifices they had made) and by drawing
" viſitants to himſelf of the moſt powerful miniſters
" of all factions, had, by his liberality and penitence,

" his receiving vulgar and vile ſayings from them with " humility and reverence, as clearer convictions and " informations than in his life he had ever had, and " diſtributing great ſums to them for their prayers " and ghoſtly counſel, ſo ſatisfied them that they ſa- " tiſfied others, was brought, at his ſuit, to the Houſe " of Commons' bar, where, (being a man in truth " very powerful in language, and who, by what he " ſpoke, and in the manner of ſpeaking it, exceed- " ingly captivated the good-will and benevolence of " his hearers, which is the higheſt part of an orator) " with ſuch flattery as was moſt exactly calculated to " that meridian, with ſuch a ſubmiſſion as their pride " took delight in, and ſuch dejection of mind and " ſpirit as was like to cozen the major part, and be " thought ſerious; he laid before them " their own " danger and concernment, if they ſhould ſuffer one of " their own body, how unworthy and monſtrous ſo- " ever, to be tried by the ſoldiers, who might thereby " grow to that power hereafter, that they would both " try thoſe they would not be willing ſhould be tried, " and for things which they would account no crimes, " the inconvenience and inſupportable miſchief where- " of all wiſe commonwealths had foreſeen and pre- " vented, by exempting their own members from all " judgments but their own." He prevailed not to be " tried by a council of war, and thereby preſerved " his dear-bought life; ſo that, in truth, he does as

" much owe the keeping his head to that oration,
" as Catiline did the loſs of his to thoſe of Tully * :
" and by having done ill very well, he, by degrees,
" drew that reſpect to his parts which always carries
" ſome compaſſion to the perſon, that he got leave
" to compound for his tranſgreſſion, and them to ac-
" cept of ten thouſand pounds (which their affairs
" wanted) for his liberty; whereupon he had leave
" to recollect himſelf in another country, (for his li-
" berty was to be in baniſhment) how miſerable he
" had made himſelf in obtaining that leave to live
" out of his own: and there cannot be a greater evi-
" dence of the ineſtimable value of his parts, than
" that he lived after this in the good affection and
" eſteem of many, the pity of moſt, and the re-
" proach and ſcorn of few or none."

After he had ſaved himſelf from the conſequences of this plot he travelled into France, where he continued ſeveral years. He went firſt to Rouen in Normandy, where he reſided the greater part of the time of his baniſhment. The latter years of his exile he paſſed at Paris, where he lived in gaity, in elegance, and in the ſociety of people of rank, and of thoſe who were diſtinguiſhed for their learning and wit.

In a ſhort time after he was baniſhed, an Engliſh

* One would think the noble hiſtorian ſhould have ſaid, " As Tully did the loſs of his to thoſe againſt Antony:" for Catiline was ſlain in battle, whereas Tully's Philippics really coſt him his head.

lady of his acquaintance deſired him to collect his ſcattered poems, and ſend them to her from France, and having complied with this lady's requiſition, they were accordingly publiſhed in the year 1645.

After his return from baniſhment he lived chiefly at Hall-Barn, near Beaconsfield, where Cromwell uſed frequently to viſit him. Waller uſed to obſerve, that when Cromwell had been called to the door in the midſt of their diſcourſes upon theſe ſubjects, he could overhear him repeating, "The Lord will reveal, the "Lord will help," and ſuch kind of cant; for which he would apologize when he came back, ſaying, "Cou- "ſin Waller, I muſt talk to theſe men after their own "way;" and would then go on where they left off. According to Waller's report, Cromwell was well verſed in the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, and made obſervations upon them with uncommon penetration and taſte: and though we do not find that Cromwell truſted any part of the public buſineſs to Waller's management, yet he treated him with reſpect and kindneſs.

At the reſtoration he was treated with great civility by Charles II. who always made him one of the party in his diverſions at the Duke of Buckingham's and other places, and gave him a grant of the Provoſtſhip of Eton College, though that grant proved of no effect, Lord Clarendon, who was then Lord Chancellor, refuſing to affix the ſeal to the patent, alledging

that a layman could not legally hold the Provoſtſhip. The King having one day obſerved to Waller, that he thought his poem on his return inferior to his paneygric upon Cromwell, Waller made this memorable reply; "Sir," ſays he, "poets always ſucceed "better in compoſing fiction than in adorning truth."

He ſat in ſeveral parliaments after the reſtoration, and continued in the full vigour of genius to the end of his life, and his natural vivacity made his company agreeable to the laſt. James II. notwithſtanding the bigotry and gloomineſs of his mind, affected to be an admirer of Waller, and having one day ordered the Earl of Sunderland to bring Waller to him in the afternoon, when he came the King carried him into his cloſet, and there aſked him how he liked ſuch a picture? "Sir," ſays Mr. Waller, "my eyes are dim, "and I know not whoſe it is." "It is the Princeſs "of Orange," replied the King. "And ſhe is like "the greateſt woman in the world," ſays the poet. "Whom do you call ſo?" aſked the King. "Queen "Elizabeth," anſwered Waller. "I wonder," rejoined the King, "you ſhould think ſo; but I muſt "confeſs ſhe had a wiſe council." "And, Sir," demanded Waller in his turn, "did your Majeſty "ever know a fool chuſe a wiſe one?"

In ſummer 1687 he was attacked with a ſwelling in his legs. In autumn of ſame year the diſorder increaſing confined him to bed, and he found his life

drawing to a period: for this awful event he prepared himſelf, and ſupported the laſt ſcene of life with propriety and fortitude. He died on the 21ſt of October 1687, and was interred in the churchyard of Beaconsfield.

He left ſeveral children, and bequeathed his eſtate to his ſecond ſon Edmund, his eldeſt, Benjamin, being ſo far from inheriting his father's wit, that he even wanted common ſenſe. He was ſent to New-Jerſey in America. Edmund, in the beginning of his life, was member of parliament for Agmondeſham, but afterwards turned Quaker. He died without iſſue, and left the eſtate to Edmund, the eldeſt ſon of his brother Dr. Stephen Waller, who was our Poet's fourth ſon, and a famous Civilian. By his firſt wife our Author had a ſon and a daughter; and by his ſecond wife, Mary, of the family of Breſſe, or Breaux, in the province of Normandy, he had five ſons and eight daughters, moſt of whom ſurvived him.

Waller's perſon was elegant and graceful; and his elocution, like his verſe, was muſical and flowing. So happily formed was he for ſociety, that his converſation, which was at once polite, learned, and witty, was courted by thoſe who deteſted his principles and conduct. But as the character of this Poet is drawn at large by the maſterly hand of Lord Clarendon, the reader will find it includes every thing that needs be ſaid in regard to him. "Edmund Waller," ſays

the noble hiſtorian, "was born to a very fair eſtate, "by the parſimony or frugality of a wiſe father "and mother, and he thought it ſo commendable an "advantage, that he reſolved to improve it with his "utmoſt care, upon which in his nature he was too "much intent; and, in order to that, he was ſo much "reſerved and retired, that he was ſcarce ever heard "of till, by his addreſs and dexterity, he had gotten "a very rich wife in the City, againſt all the recom-"mendation, and countenance, and authority, of the "court, which was thoroughly engaged on the be-"half of Mr. Crofts, and which uſed to be ſucceſsful, "in that age, againſt any oppoſition. He had the good "fortune to have an alliance and friendſhip with Dr. "Morley, who had aſſiſted and inſtructed him in the "reading many good books, to which his natural "parts and promptitude inclined him, eſpecially the "Poets; and at the age when other men uſed to give "over writing verſes, (for he was near thirty years "of age when he firſt engaged himſelf in that exer-"ciſe, at leaſt that he was known to do ſo) he ſur-"priſed the Town with two or three pieces of that "kind, as if a tenth Muſe had been newly born to "cheriſh drooping poetry. The Doctor at that time "brought him into that company which was moſt "celebrated for good converſation, where he was "received and eſteemed with great applauſe and "reſpect. He was a very pleaſant diſcourſer, in ear-

" neſt, and in jeſt, and therefore very grateful to
" all kind of company, where he was not the leſs
" eſteemed for being very rich. He had been even
" nurſed in parliaments, where he ſat when he was
" very young, and ſo when they were reſumed again,
" (after a long intermiſſion) he appeared in thoſe aſ-
" ſemblies with great advantage. Having a graceful
" way of ſpeaking, and by thinking much upon ſeve-
" ral arguments (which his temper and complexion,
" that had much of melancholic, inclined him to)
" he ſeemed often to ſpeak upon the ſudden, when
" the occaſion had only adminiſtered the opportu-
" nity of ſaying what he had thoroughly conſidered,
" which gave a great luſtre to all he ſaid, which yet
" was rather of delight than weight. There needs
" no more be ſaid to extol the excellence and power
" of his wit, and pleaſantneſs of his converſation,
" than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a
" world of very great faults; that is, ſo to cover them,
" that they were not taken notice of to his reproach;
" *viz.* a narrowneſs in his nature to the loweſt degree;
" an abjectneſs and want of courage to ſupport him
" in any virtuous undertaking; an inſinuation and
" ſervile flattery to the height the vaineſt and moſt
" imperious nature could be contented with; that it
" preſerved and won his life from thoſe who were
" moſt reſolved to take it, and on an occaſion in
" which he ought to have been ambitious to have loſt

" it, and then preſerved him again from the reproach " and contempt that was due to him for ſo preſer- " ving it, and for vindicating it at ſuch a price; that " it had power to reconcile him to thoſe whom he " had moſt offended and provoked, and continued " to his old age with that rare felicity, that his com- " pany was acceptable when his ſpirit was odious, and " he was at leaſt pitied where he was moſt deteſted."

But however unfavourably we are obliged to think of Mr. Waller's virtues and moral accompliſhments, yet that he greatly improved our language and verſification, and that his Works gave a new era to Engliſh poetry, was allowed by his cotemporaries, nor has it ever been diſputed by good critics. The anonymous author of the Preface to the Second part of his poems, printed in the 1690, has ſpoken pertinently to this part of his character: " Mr. Waller's is a name," ſays he, " that carries every thing in it that is either great or " graceful in poetry. He was, indeed, the parent of " Engliſh verſe, and the firſt that ſhewed us our tongue " had beauty and numbers in it. Our language owes " more to him than the French does to Cardinal " Richelieu and the whole Academy.—The tongue " came into his hands like a rough diamond: he po- " liſhed it firſt, and to that degree, that all artiſts " ſince him have admired the workmanſhip, without " pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I " muſt confeſs, wrote ſome few things ſmoothly

" enough; but as all they did in this kind was not " very conſiderable, ſo it was a little later than the " earlieſt pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly ſtands " firſt in the liſt of refiners, and, for ought I know, laſt " too; for I queſtion whether in Charles II's reign " Engliſh did not come to its full perfection; and " whether it has not had its Auguſtan age as well as " the Latin. It ſeems to be already mixed with the " foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, " as chymiſts ſay of their menſtruums, to be quite " ſated with the infuſion. But poſterity will beſt " judge of this. In the mean time, it is a ſurpriſing " reflection, that between what Spenſer wrote laſt, " and Waller firſt, there ſhould not be much above " twenty years' diſtance; and yet the one's language, " like the money of that time, is as current now as " ever; whilſt the other's words are like old coins, " one muſt go to an antiquary to underſtand their " true meaning and value. Such advances may a " great genius make when it undertakes any thing " in earneſt!"

Waller's Works will always hold a conſiderable rank in Engliſh poetry, and his great abilities as an orator are indiſputable; and though, as Mr. Stockdale obſerves, " his behaviour on his trial was hypocri- " tical, unmanly, and abject; yet the alarming oc- " caſion of it, on which but few would have acquitted " themſelves with a determined fortitude, extenu-

" rates it in ſome meaſure to candour and humanity,
" not to condemn him with untempered ſe-
" verity, becauſe he was not a prodigy which the
" world hath ſeldom ſeen; becauſe his character com-
" prized not the poet, the orator, and the hero.—
" His moral character will be viewed with lenity by
" thoſe whoſe minds are actuated by humanity, and
" who are properly acquainted with their own fail-
" ings; who conſider the violence of the times in
" which he lived, and who are accuſtomed to think
" before they decide.

The epitaph on Mr. Waller's monument in Beaconsfield Churchyard in Buckinghamshire, written by Mr. Rymer, late Hiſtoriographer-royal.

ON THE WEST END.

Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum
Morti cedit, qui inter poetas ſui
Temporis facilè princeps, lauream, quam
Meruit adoleſcens, octogenarius haud
Abdicavit. Hanc debet patria linguæ
Quod credas, ſi Græcè Latinèque
Intermitterent, Muſæ loqui amarent
Anglicè.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

Heus, Viator! tumulatum vides
Edmundum Waller qui tanti nominis
Poeta, et idem avitis opibus, inter primos
Spectabilis, Musis se dedit, et patriæ.
Nondum octodecenalis, inter arduæ
Regni tractantes sedem habuit, a quo
Burgo de Agmondesham missus. Hic vitæ
Cursus; nec oneri defuit senex; vixitque
Semper populo charus, principibus in
Deliciis, admirationi omnibus.
Hic conditur tumulo sub eodem rara
Virtute et multa prole nobilis uxor,
Maria ex Bressyorum familia, cum
Edmundo Waller, conjuge charissimo:
Quem ter et decies lætum fecit patrem,
V filiis, filiabus viii; quos mundo dedit,
Et in cœlum rediit.

ON THE EAST END.

Edmundus Waller cui hoc marmor
Sacrum est, Coleshill nascendi locum
Habuit; Cantabrigiam studendi; patrem
Robertum et ex Hampdena stirpe matrem:
Cœpit vivere iii° Martii, A. D. 1605.
Prima uxor Anna Edwardi Banks filia
Unica hæres. Ex prima bis pater factus;
Ex secunda tredecies; cui et duo lustra
Superstes, obiit xxi Octob. A. D. 1687.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

Hoc marmore Edmundo Waller
Mariæque ex secundis nuptiis conjugi,
Pientissimis parentibus, pissimè
Parentavit Edmundus filius. Honores
Bene-merentibus extremos dedit quos
Ipse fugit. El. W. I. F. H. G. Ex testamento
H. M. P. in Jul. 1700.

Preface to the first edition of Mr. Waller's Poems, after the restoration, printed in the year 1664.

When the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking printer as * one did to an ill reciter,

Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression which hitherto have hung upon his book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such like ugly things, upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure, as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration; which is no small matter, if what an old author

* Martial, lib. i. ep. 39.

obſerves be true, that the aim of orators is victory, of hiſtorians truth, and of poets admiration. He had reaſon, therefore, to indulge thoſe faults in his book, whereby it might be reconciled to ſome, and commended to others.

The printer alſo, he thought, would fare the worſe if thoſe faults were amended; for we ſee maimed ſtatues ſell better than whole ones; and clipped and waſhed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

Theſe are the reaſons which, for above twelve years paſt, he has oppoſed to our requeſt; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had ſo long been made public, ſo might it find excuſe from his youth, the ſeaſon it was produced in: and for what had been done ſince, and now added, if it commend not his poetry, it might his philoſophy, which teaches him ſo cheerfully to bear ſo great a calamity as the loſs of the beſt part of his fortune, torn from him in priſon, (in which, and in baniſhment, the beſt portion of his life hath alſo been ſpent) that he can ſtill ſing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman *,

* * * Quem dempſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi. * * *
Whoſe ſpreading wings the Civil war had clipp'd,
And him of his old patrimony ſtripp'd.

* Horace, lib. ii. ep. 2.

Who yet not long after could ſay,

Muſis amicus, triſtitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis. * * * Lib. i. ode 26.

They that acquainted with the Muſes be,
Send care and ſorrow by the winds to ſea.

Not ſo much moved with theſe reaſons of ours, (or pleaſed with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at laſt given us leave to aſſure the reader that the Poems which have been ſo long and ſo ill ſet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt writ them; as alſo to add ſome others which have ſince been compoſed by him: and though his advice to the contrary might have diſcouraged us, yet obſerving how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earneſtly they have been always inquired after, but eſpecially of late, (making good that of Horace,

* * * Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit. Lib. ii. ep. 1.

"ſome verſes being, like ſome wines, recommended "to our taſte by time and age") we have adventured upon this new and well-corrected edition, which, for our own ſakes as well as thine, we hope will ſucceed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

Preface to the Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems, printed in the year 1690.

THE reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's, a name that carries every thing in it that is either great or graceful in poetry. He was, indeed, the parent of English verse, and the first that shewed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. Our language owes more to him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A poet cannot think of him without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in when Epicurus comes in his way.

> Tu pater, et rerum inventor; tu patria nobis
> Suppeditas praecepta: tuisque ex, Inclute, chartis,
> Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
> Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;
> Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita! Lib. iii. ver. 9.

The tongue came into his hands like a rough diamond: he polished it first, and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough; but as all they did in this kind was not very considerable, so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners, and, for ought I know, last too; for I question whether in Charles II.'s reign English did not come to its full perfection, and whether it has

not had its Auguſtan age as well as the Latin. It ſeems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as chymiſts ſay of their menſtruums, to be quite ſated with the infuſion. But poſterity will beſt judge of this. In the mean time, it is a ſurpriſing reflection, that between what Spenſer wrote laſt, and Waller firſt, there ſhould not be much above twenty years' diſtance; and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilſt the other's words are like old coins, one muſt go to an antiquary to underſtand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make when it undertakes any thing in earneſt!

Some painters will hit the chief lines and maſter-ſtrokes of a face ſo truly, that thro' all the differences of age the picture ſhall ſtill bear a reſemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: he ſought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would laſt, and be of ſtanding uſe and ornament; and this he did ſo ſucceſsfully, that his language is now as freſh as it was at firſt ſetting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourſcore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the Engliſh poet, and overflows whatever he builds; but this was leſs his caſe than any man's that ever wrote; and the miſchief of it is, this very complaint will laſt long

enough to confute itself; for though English be mouldering ſtone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the beſt out of a bad quarry.

We are no leſs beholden to him for the new turn of verſe which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of meaſure, and that dance of words which good ears are ſo much pleaſed with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almoſt entirely of monoſyllables, which, when they come together in any cluſter, are certainly the moſt harſh, untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Beſides, their verſes ran all into one another, and hung together throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compoſe a body in Des Cartes. There was no diſtinction of parts, no regular ſtops, nothing for the ear to reſt upon; but as ſoon as the copy began, down it went like a larum, inceſſantly, and the reader was ſure to be out of breath before he got to the end of it: ſo that really verſe, in thoſe days, was but down-right proſe tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all theſe faults, brought in more polyſyllables, and ſmoother meaſures, bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verſe he wrote in; ſo that wherever the natural ſtops of that were, he contri-

ved the little breakings of his ſenſe ſo as to fall in with them; and, for that reaſon, ſince the ſtreſs of our verſe lies commonly upon the laſt ſyllable, you will hardly ever find him uſing a word of no force there. I would ſay, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly cloſes with verbs, in which we know the life of language conſiſts.

Among other improvements we may reckon that of his rhymes, which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that ſenſe was cloyed by the ſame round of chiming words ſtill returning upon it. It is a decided caſe by the great maſter of writing *, *Quæ ſunt ampla, et pulchra, diu placere poſſunt; quæ lepida et concinna*, (amongſt which rhyme muſt, whether it will or no, take its place) *citò ſatietate afficiunt aurium ſenſum faſtidioſiſſimum.* This he underſtood very well; and therefore, to take off the danger of a ſurfeit that way, ſtrove to pleaſe by variety and new ſounds. Had he carried this obſervation, among others, as far as it would go, it muſt, methinks, have ſhown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry, and have led his later judgment to blank verſe: but he continued an obſtinate lover of rhyme to the very laſt: it was a miſtreſs that never appeared unhandſome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after

* Ad Herennium, lib. iv.

Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing he had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial; no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he; yet he is so just as to confess that it is but a trifle, and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and blank verse set up in its room. There is a third person *, the living glory of our English poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the stage, tho' no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his genius that first brought it into credit in Plays, and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing it continues still, and will do so till some excellent spirit arises that has leisure enough, and resolution, to break the charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it, and has proved it as well by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now. Without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

* Mr. Dryden.

Whilſt I am talking of verſe, I find myſelf, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of proſe. I intended no more than to put the reader in mind what reſpect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his laſt-printed copies, which are added in the ſeveral editions of his poems, very ſlightly ſpoken of, but certainly they do not deſerve it: they do indeed diſcover themſelves to be his laſt, and that is the worſt we can ſay of them. He is there

Jam ſenior; ſed cruda Deo viridiſque ſenectus*.

The ſame cenſure, perhaps, will be paſſed on the pieces of this Second Part. I ſhall not ſo far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigour of his youth; yet they are ſo much of a piece with the reſt, that any man will at firſt ſight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reaſons obvious enough, but which are now ceaſed. The play was altered to pleaſe the court: it is not to be doubted who ſat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the ſweetneſs of Mr. Waller's temper to ſoften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expreſſes it; but whether it be ſo agreeable to the nature of tragedy itſelf to make every thing come off eaſily, I leave to the critics. In the prologue and

* Virg. Aen. vi. v. 304.

epilogue there are a few verſes that he has made uſe of upon another occaſion; but the reader may be pleaſed to allow that in him that has been allowed ſo long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dreſs up their thoughts ſo very well always, that when they have need of the ſame ſenſe, they cannot put it into other words but it muſt be to its prejudice. Care has been taken, in this book, to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection; ſo that between both the reader may make the ſet complete.

It will, perhaps, be contended, after all, that ſome of theſe ought not to have been publiſhed; and Mr. Cowley's * deciſion will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbiſh. It might be anſwered to this, that the pictures and poems of great maſters have been always valued, though the laſt hand were not put to them: and I believe none of thoſe gentlemen that will make the objection would refuſe a ſketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the firſt ſitting. I might tell them, too, what care has been taken, by the learned, to preſerve the fragments of the ancient Greek and Latin poets: there has been thought to be a divinity in what they ſaid; and therefore the leaſt pieces of it have been kept up and reverenced like religious reliques: and I am ſure, take away the

* In the preface to his works.

mille annî *, and impartial reaſoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the moſt celebrated names of Antiquity.

But, to wave the diſpute now of what *ought* to have been done, I can aſſure the reader what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect that, among ſo many admirers of Mr. Waller, they ſhould not meet with one fond enough to publiſh them. They might have ſtaid, indeed, 'till by frequent tranſcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind; but then they would have found their way into the world: ſo it was thought a greater piece of kindneſs to the Author to put them out whilſt they continue genuine and unmixed, and ſuch as he himſelf, were he alive, might own.

* Alluding to that verſe in Juvenal,

* * * Et uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos * * * Sat. 7.

And yields to Homer on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand years before. Mr. C. Dryden.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY MARGARET-CAVENDISH HARLEY.

Let others boast the Nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades,
Where Phœbus heard the rival bands rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse:
In vain: nor Phœbus nor the boasted Nine
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.
When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possest,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast;
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realm he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love:
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.
As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:

The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray;
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious ſenſe, and harmonize the ſound;
With varied notes the curious ear to pleaſe,
And turn a nervous thought with artful eaſe.
Maker and model of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honours at thy herſe.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praiſe,
Infuſe thy genius, and my fancy raiſe!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the ſong his ſhade inſpires.

In Waller's fame, O faireſt Harley! view
What verdant palms ſhall owe their birth to you:
To you what deathleſs charms are thence decreed,
In Sachariſſa's fate vouchſafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of with'ring Time,
Her beauties flouriſh in ambroſial prime:
Still kindling rapture, ſee! ſhe moves in ſtate;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praiſe of love's delight,
In pureſt minds may ſtain the virgin-white:
How bright and chaſte the poet and his theme!
So Cynthia ſhines on Arethuſa's ſtream.
A ſainted virtue to the ſpheres may ſing
Thoſe ſtrains that raviſh'd here the Martyr-king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd eaſe
Politely form'd, to profit and to pleaſe,

To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame,
And what he could not praiſe forgot to name:
Thus Eden's roſe without a thorn diſplay'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant bluſh decay'd.

Such ſoul-attracting airs were ſung of old,
When bliſsful years in golden circles roll'd:
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and ſtrife,
While love was all the penſive care of life;
The ſwains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their paſſion to reſound:
Fancy purſu'd the paths where Beauty led,
To pleaſe the living, or deplore the dead:
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs ſigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verſe, the vaniſh'd fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or ſparkled in a ſtar.
Bright as the ſtars, and fragrant as the flow'rs,
Where Spring reſides in ſoft Elyſian bow'rs;
While theſe the bow'rs adorn, and they the ſphere,
Will Sacharilſa's charms in ſong appear.
Yet, in the preſent age, her radiant name
Muſt take a dimmer interval of fame;
When you to full meridian luſtre riſe,
With Morton's ſhape and Gloriana's eyes,
With Carliſle's wit, her geſture, and her mien,
And, like ſeraphic Rich, with zeal ſerene;
In ſweet aſſemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners, more refin'd!

That angel-frame, with chaſte attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd Morn awakes the May,
Of nobleſt youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wiſh, their wonder, and deſpair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The ſiſter-arts with ſudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the Painter nymph reſumes;
The canvaſs warm with roſeate beauty blooms:
Inſpir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and ſoftens with your ſmile;
Proud to receive the form, by Fate deſign'd
The faireſt model of the faireſt kind.
But hear, O hear the Muſe's heav'nly voice!
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye Gales! to Margaretta's praiſe,
And all ye liſt'ning Loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign,
The firſt, the brighteſt, of the ſtarry train.
What fav'rite youth aſſign the Fates to riſe,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd ſhield ſuſtains
Trophies achieved on Gallia's viny plains,
Or ſmiling Peace a mingled wreath diſplays,
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays:
Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite youth aſſign'd
With each ennobling grace of form and mind:

In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good:
His breaſt the guardian ark of heav'n-born law,
To ſtrike a faithleſs age with conſcious awe:
In choice of friends by manly reaſon ſway'd;
Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts and camps, in council and retreat,
Wiſe, brave, and ſtudious to ſupport the ſtate;
With candour firm; without ambition bold,
No deed diſcolour'd with the guilt of gold;
That Heav'n may judge the choiceſt bleſſings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

E. FENTON.

MISCELLANIES.

I.

OF THE DANGER

HIS MAJESTY [BEING PRINCE]

ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT ST. ANDERO.

Now had his Highneſs bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the ſphere of his own pow'r, the main:
With Britiſh bounty in his ſhip he feaſts
Th' Heſperian princes, his amazed gueſts,
To find that watry wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons, echo'd from th' affrighted ſhore,
With loud reſemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the ſeed of cloud-compelling Jove;
While to his harp divine Arion ſings,
The loves and conqueſts of our Albion kings.

Of the Fourth Edward was his noble ſong,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquiſh'd Henry's head,
Rais'd the White Roſe, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd ſide:

Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)
Wooes for his master; and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The Lady Bona whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her, whose conqu'ring eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play,
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this royal troop engage;
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.

These mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory

Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounter ſeems too rough for jeſt;
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball,
Toſs'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons ſtill ſecurely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their ſacred load;
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempeſt ſhould out-live.
But ſtorms increaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Prince's face;
The reſt reſign their courage, ſkill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel, (wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride)
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous ſon *,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by fire.
Th' impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That, Night aſſiſting, his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th' oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide:

* Phaeton.

So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale Italians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To see the Prince with danger more at ease
Than with the pleasures of their court before:
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom no delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright.
Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the main
For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows tost,
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our hero, set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourished, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;

Where he had ſeen a brighter nymph than ſhe *
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the ſea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raiſe her waves above
Th' heroic Prince's courage or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the nobleſt of thy train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain;
Who nor his peril minding nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem, which in their early pride
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo;
Like bright Aurora, whoſe refulgent ray
Fortels the fervour of enſuing day,
And warns the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy ſhadows from the threaten'd heat.

From Cupid's ſtring of many ſhafts, that fled
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble Fame had ſhed,
As thro' the wond'ring world ſhe flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;

* Venus.

Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.
And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Muſæus ſo divinely ſung;
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns and favours that deſire;
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to ſwim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune, ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greek's.
For from the ſtern of ſome good ſhip appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make;
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.
The ſhip at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage reſtrained, foaming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repels,
Threat'ning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.

Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter ſtates.
For England is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whoſe prince muſt be (as their own books deviſe)
Lord of the ſcene where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the Roman bard, "All human things
"Of deareſt value hang on ſlender ſtrings."
O ſee the then ſole hope, and, in deſign
Of Heav'n, our joy, ſupported by a line!
Which for that inſtant was Heav'n's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

II.

OF HIS MAJESTY'S
RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

So earneſt with thy God! can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger, interrupt thy pray'r?
The ſacred Wreſtler, till a bleſſing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n.
Nor was the ſtream of thy devotion ſtopp'd,
When from the body ſuch a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim,
Tho' thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.

Bold Homer durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his beſt pattern *: of Patroclus ſlain,
With ſuch amazement as weak mothers uſe,
And frantic geſture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance;
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
The famous painter † could allow no place
For private ſorrow in a prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this
Made the old Heathen frame their gods amiſs.
Their Phœbus ſhould not act a fonder part
For the fair boy ‡, than he did for his hart;
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
That kept from him, wiſh'd death, hadſt thou been known.
He that with thine ſhall weigh good David's deeds,
Shall find his paſſion nor his love exceeds:
He curs'd the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe Ziba with his heir divide;
Where thy immortal love to thy bleſt friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their ſeed deſcends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmov'd, and yet, like woman, kind!

* Achilles. † Timanthes. ‡ Cyparissus.

Which of the ancient poets had not brought
Our Charles's pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
How ſome bright dame, compreſs'd by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

III.

ON THE TAKING OF SALLE.

Of Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales Antiquity has told:
Such beaſts and monſters as their force oppreſt,
Some places only, and ſome times, infeſt.
Salle, that ſcorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threat'ning with a rude
And ſavage race, ſucceſſively renew'd;
Their king deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide;
This peſt of mankind gives our hero fame,
And thro' th' obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once to cruel Agag ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the ſword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword:
Juſt Charles like meaſure has return'd to theſe
Whoſe Pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled ſeas;
With ſhips they made the ſpoiled merchant mourn;
With ſhips their city and themſelves are torn.

One ſquadron of our winged caſtles ſent,
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of tempeſts in the ſeas,
Like hungry wolves, theſe pirate from our ſhore
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſh'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the ſea!
Mad Cacus ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's ſeed invades,
Who for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd world's revenger and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears:
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives mammis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

IV.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

That ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon Melita's ſhore,

Than did his temple in the ſea of time,
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the firſt Monarch * of this happy iſle,
Mov'd with the mind of ſo brave a pile,
This work of zeal and piety begun,
To be accomplith'd by his glorious ſon;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe ſire has to perfection brought;
He, like Amphion, makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;
For in his art of regiment is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in ſound.
Thoſe antique muſicks ſure were Charles-like kings,
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects' hearts their ſtrings,
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took:
So all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles' great apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſhades, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad ſaint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand:
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have borne her name.
Two diſtant virtues in one act we find,
The modeſty and greatneſs of his mind;

* King James I.

Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallowed from the jaws of time
Reduce; an earneſt of his grand deſign,
To frame no new church, but the old refine;
Which, ſpouſe-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtful reaſon few can apprehend,
And war brings ruin where it ſhould amend;
But beauty, with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds
A welcome ſov'reignty in rudeſt minds.
Not ought which Sheba's wond'ring queen beheld
Amongſt the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long-wanted ſhowers they forget to ſend;
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The ſun, which riſeth to ſalute the quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty could ſo far extend:
The King built all, but Charles the weſtern end.
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges heav'n!
Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred day *,

* Apollo.

Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
Ev'n Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.
Glad, tho' amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy than build.

Sic gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis.... Hor.

V.

OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,
Then strait she shews 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n she not the fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our songs;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
Those sov'reign beams which heal the wounded soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul

Third the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;
He held it dear, 'till by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.
She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopp'd limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heav'n, and these expostulations use:
" Could Nature then no private woman grace,
" Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
" Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
" Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
" Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
" What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?"
Thus in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,
Which, tho' they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.

Such guard and comfort the diſtreſſed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin it preſers;
For all the miſerable are made her's.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
Poor ſheep from tempeſts, and their ſhepherds, ſhields:
The royal bird poſſeſſes all the boughs;
But ſhade and ſhelter to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next!
For which ſo oft' thy fertile womb is vext;
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waſte thy ſpirits and diffuſe thy blood,
What vaſt hopes may theſe iſlands entertain,
Where monarchs, thus deſcended, are to reign?
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our ſeas no longer ſhall our power confine.

A brave romance who would exactly frame,
Firſt brings his knight from ſome immortal dame,
And then a weapon and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the fair pearl and glory of the ſea *:
The man to whom great Maro gives ſuch fame †,
From the high bed of heav'nly Venus came;
And our next Charles, whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh, ſprings from thine.

* Thetis. † Aeneas.

VI.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

For not approaching the lady who can do any thing but sleep when she pleaseth.

My charge it is those breaches to repair
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom Heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts have plac'd
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I, with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command;
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among th' immortals, who with nectar feast,
That pow'r won'd seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendour of her present court,
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,

No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion find,
To overcaſt her ever-ſhining mind,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs ſkies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain ſupplies;
That cryſtal heav'n, where Phœbus never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what ſo hard which numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold Mæonian * made me dare to ſteep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of ſleep;
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my pow'r,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bow'r
Where Gloriana their great miſtreſs lies,
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes, till the joyful ſun
Without a rival half his courſe has run;
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

VII.

PUERPERIUM.

You gods that have the pow'r
To trouble and compoſe
All that's beneath your bow'r,
Calm ſilence on the ſeas, on earth impoſe.

* Homer.

Fair Venus! in thy ſoft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breaſt canſt tame
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs! give this thy ſacred iſland reſt;
Make heav'n ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us while
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her neſt.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth,
Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace,
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

VIII.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE IN MOURNING.

When from black clouds no part of ſky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the ſun appear,
Heav'n then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments and that bright aſpect.

A ſpark of virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity is fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy beauty get,
A Venus riſing from a ſea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed Light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal Night.
Then mourn no more, leſt thou admit increaſe
Of glory by thy noble Lord's deceaſe.
We find not that the laughter-loving dame *
Mourn'd for Anchiſes; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortal with her deathleſs bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy thro' all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral:
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow: nothing ſtands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy preſence can lay hold on none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove,
Who, by the pow'r of his inchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threat'ning monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe,
Inſtructing princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious queen reſort
To the large-hearted Hebrew's † famous court.

* Venus. † Solomon.

Had Homer ſat amongſt his wond'ring gueſts,
He might have learn'd, at thoſe ſtupendous feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate,
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.
But, oh! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charms, that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent maſter's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the ſun,
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms? while the Pariſian dames
Mourn for the raviſh'd glory; at her flames
No leſs amaz'd than the amazed ſtars,
When the bold charmer of Theſſalia wars
With Heav'n itſelf, and numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending Cynthia from her ſeat.

IX.

In anſwer to one who writ a libel againſt

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love?
Thy miſtreſs' envy, or thine own deſpair?
Not the juſt Pallas in thy breaſt did move
So blind a rage, with ſuch a diff'rent fate;
He honour won where thou haſt purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,
Which but disclos'd amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?
So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n be oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;
Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes
His joyful beams; but Phœbus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

X.

OF HER CHAMBER.

They taste of death that do at heav'n arrive,
But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike.

The high in titles, and the ſhepherd, here
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear.
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition loſe, and have no other ſcope,
Save Carliſle's favour, to employ their hope.
The Thracian * could (tho' all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet ſo ſheep and lions lay,
Fearleſs and wrathleſs while they heard him play.
The gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While ſhe with cheerful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

XI.

ON MY

LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, and ſuch Dorus' † flame!
The matchleſs Sidney ‡, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd

* Orpheus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

With ſuch extremes of excellence, compoſe,
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe!
Such cheerful modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs thro' his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we ſee in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artiſt took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends * had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, th' enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt Nature, firſt inſtructed by his thought,
In his own houſe thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

XII.

AT PENSHURST.

Had Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to her pow'r that gave
The peace and glory which theſe alleys have;
Embroider'd ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of a wood.

* Pyrocles and Muſidorus.

Her preſence has ſuch more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudeſt place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No leſs than thoſe of old did Orpheus' lyre.
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well-marſhall'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmetry' of her parts is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in ſound.
Ye lofty Beeches! tell this matchleſs dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!—
Go, Boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when ſuch benign,
Such more than mortal-making ſtars did ſhine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whoſe hope ſhall ne'er riſe higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

XIII.

OF THE LADY

WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

No wonder Sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Sachariſſa's eyes.
As fair Aſtræa once from earth to heav'n,
By ſtrife and loud impiety was driven;
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wiſe Somnus to that paradiſe repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake,
To court the nymph for whom thoſe wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold,
Is the ſoft God thoſe ſofter limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the ſkies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to cloſe her eyes;
Eyes which ſo far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but theſe our ſoul!
Let her free ſpirit, whoſe unconquer'd breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet and untroubled reſt,
Know that tho' Venus and her ſon ſhould ſpare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,
And for another's joy ſuſpend her ſleep.

XIV.

OF THE MISREPORT

OF HER BEING PAINTED.

As when a ſort of wolves infeſt the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,
The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from our eyes,
But never reach the miſtreſs of the ſkies;
So with the news of Sachariſſa's wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues;
Call Love to witneſs that no painted fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire;
While, unconcerned, ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new malice than our loves before;
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our paſſions without ſmile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom Heav'n affecteth ſo!
Paints her, 'tis true, with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like glorious colours thro' the flow'ry meads,
When lavish Nature, with her beſt attire,
Clothes the gay ſpring, the ſeaſon of deſire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morn;
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

XV.

OF HER PASSING THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

As in old chaos (heav'n with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd)
The ſun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his ſhoulders lean'd;
So in this throng bright Sacharissa far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard;
As ſhips, tho' never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a tempeſt on their admiral.
A greater favour this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding marble of her ſnowy breaſt.
While love inſults, diſguiſed in the cloud
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired palm;
But when the wind her raviſh'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,
Tho' loath he ſeems her tender leaves to preſs,
More loath he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude bounty he the double uſe
At once receives, of pleaſure and excuſe.

XVI.

THE STORY OF PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus ſung the no leſs am'rous boy;
Like Daphne ſhe, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as Phœbus' ſelf might uſe!
Such is the chaſe when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads;
Invok'd to teſtify the lover's care,
Or form ſome image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er theſe he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay.
Yet what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Tho' unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All but the nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

XVII.

FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNES.

Arcadius juvenis Rhyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;
Nec fuit ulspevior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis præmit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua: formosam nunc his componere nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
Audîit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem;
Audîit, at nullis respexit mota querelis:
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

XVIII.

AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the listning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.

To thee a wild and cruel ſoul is giv'n,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
Love's foe profeſs'd! why doſt thou falſely feign
Thyſelf a Sidney? from which noble ſtrain
He ſprung *, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high deſire
Seems but the ſmoke of am'rous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who ſo well does prove
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity and love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy and bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive. To no human ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs, but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature, to recompenſe the fatal pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe healing ſprings †,
Which not more help than that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compaſſion: now my trait'rous ſong
With thee conſpires to do the ſinger wrong;
While thus I ſuffer not myſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath ſtill foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire!

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Tunbridge-Wells.

This laſt complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt Apollo, preſident of verſe;
Highly concerned that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing:
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon' aged tree
"Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the ſea,
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce, at leaſt, may with this paſſion find."
Ah, cruel Nymph! from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempeſts does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice; and vows this endleſs love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which Heav'n has heap'd on her.

XIX.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

Tell me, lovely, loving Pair!
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to yourſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of Love control,
While the Boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a foreign guest,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car,
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her son so far,

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

XX.

A LA MALADE.

Ah, lovely Amoret! the care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is heav'n become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers—to pretend?
Hence to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n
Thy beauties to impair; for Heav'n
Solicits thee with ſuch a care,
As roſes from their ſtalks we tear,
When we would ſtill preſerve them new
And freſh as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear
Scorch more than when the ſkies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt, your ſoul, appear.

So nymphs o'er pathleſs mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn,
From their fair limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte to catch the flying game.

XXI.

UPON THE DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

May thoſe already curs'd Eſſexian plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſs reigns,
Prove all a deſert! and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage beaſts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light which all our iſland grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expoſed to the boiſt'rous wind.
Ah, cruel Heav'n! to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her for whoſe life, had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows and tears we ſhould have ſought
That ſad decree's ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whiſper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.

That horrid word, at once, like lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears,—The Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue;
That Death ſhould licenſe have to rage among
The fair, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the young!

The Paphian Queen* from that fierce battle borne,
With gored hand, and veil ſo rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that goddeſſes may bleed.

All ſtand amazed! but beyond the reſt
Th' heroic dame† whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief, expoſtulates with Heav'n,
Urging the promiſe to th' obſequious giv'n,
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious ſoul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
A ſkilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
And ſweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do:
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad,
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So faſt, ſo faithful, loyal, and ſo true,

* Venus. † Chriſtian Counteſs of Devonſhire.

That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heav'n as change her courſe.
Some happy angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here!
And when this cloud of ſorrow's over-blown,
Thro' the wide world we'll make her graces known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our art and pow'r of ſpeech is waſte.
Here paſſion ſways, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal monuments of louder praiſe.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Fair Sachariſſa!—and now only fair!
To ſacred friendſhip we'll an altar rear,
(Such as the Romans did erect of old)
Where on a marble pillar ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs pair.
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like than your's to her fair mind,
Save that ſhe grac'd the ſev'ral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs virgin, and a faultleſs wife.
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is Hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!
Lately I ſaw her ſighing part from thee;
(Alas that that the laſt farewell ſhould be!)

So look'd Aſtræa, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind.
Conſent in virtue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpight of death, does laſt;
For as your tears, and ſorrow-wounded ſoul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,
So all we know of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the ſky.
Then grieve no more that one ſo heav'nly ſnap'd
The crooked hand of trembling Age eſcap'd:
Rather, ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away,
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſs merit
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit
In that celeſtial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

XXII.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in haſty words or blows,
Itſelf diſcharges on our foes;
And ſorrow, too, finds ſome relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:

So ev'ry paſſion, but fond love,
Unto its own redreſs does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who firſt the gen'rous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrants' force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs rigour here.
Should ſome brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty laſſes, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe and ſilent fear,

All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies, he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majeſtic queen,
Or humbler ſlaves, he had not ſeen.

All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul, and made me bow
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now.

So the tall ſtag, upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned dogs, reſolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untaſted ſpring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

XXIII.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

Let brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink;

A more indulgent miſtreſs guides our ſp'rits,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care as well as thirſt redreſs,
And with divinity rewards excesſs.
Deſerted Ariadne, thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd Theſeus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires
Is paid in numbers which their juice inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

XXIV.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA, PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

Such moving ſounds from ſuch a careleſs touch!
So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiſs aloud.

Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſtning deer.
Muſic ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herſelf the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

XXV.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

Behold, and liſten, while the fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that love control,
Which more than one way counts the ſoul?
So when a flaſh of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came;
But if the winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the fire.

XXVI.

OF THE

MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

DESIGN or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top'd with snow;
And ev'ry man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah, Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

XXVII.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Reſolv'd my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.

And this reſolve no mortal dame,
None but thoſe eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, ſo like herſelf alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aſpires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and deſign'd for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe,
Tho' from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heav'n endure.

XXVIII.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in ſome climes the warmer ſun
Makes it full ſummer e'er the ſpring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad;

So measure not by any common use
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrapp'd my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now,
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind:
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less.
The sound of love makes your fond heart afraid,
And guard itself, tho' but a child invade;
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

XXIX.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.
It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

XXX.

THE FALL.

See! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay.
See! how the mould, as loath to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the nymph's ſtain'd garment. Here
The coming ſpring would firſt appear,
And all this place with roſes ſtrow,
If buſy feet would let them grow.
Here Venus ſmil'd to ſee blind Chance
Itſelf before her ſon advance,
And a fair image to preſent,
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant.
'Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were compoſed, lay.
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the firſt patterns of our race.
Then bluſh not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;

But touch him, and he'll tremble ſtrait;
How could he then ſupport your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend,
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiſs were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

XXXI.

OF SYLVIA.

Our ſighs are heard; juſt Heav'n declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers' cares:
She that ſo far the reſt outſhin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while ſhe was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now.
So when the ſky makes us endure
A ſtorm, itſelf becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's ſelf her name,
Leſt ſhe, provoking Heav'n, ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I,
Their grief untold, ſhould pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcaſt
With ſullen clouds, ſhould be defac'd.

XXXII.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming roſe,
This early bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluck'd it tho' no better grown,
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or ſun,
To the young flow'ry my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in forms of love,
Of pureſt love, and muſic too,
When Flavia it aſpires to move?
When that which lifeleſs buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft her youth invades?

XXXIII.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine;
His marble love took fleſh and blood:
All that I worſhipp'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis underſtood
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,
Altho' that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking thro' their limbs they find,
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So tho' the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raze
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real beauty, tho' too near,
The fond Narciſſus did admire:

I dote on that which is no where;
The ſign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the fuel.

XXXIV.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch'd from myſelf, how far behind
Already I behold the ſhore!

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſom of this deep?
No: 'tis ſo rockleſs and ſo clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ſhipwreck'd veſſels, but there borne.

Sweetneſs, truth, and ev'ry grace,
Which time and uſe are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil ſlow, may Cupid paint,

And a weak heart in time destroy:
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy;
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

XXXV.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you leſs,
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſs love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the ſpring, from the new ſun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which Phœbus thro' his veins has ſhot:

Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made—to love you too.

XXXVI.

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

As lately I on ſilver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine,
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine.

GAL. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well,
Of ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note, and let your lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYR. Fair nymph! I have in your delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care;
Yet would I ſing if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

GAL. Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great as not to wiſh relief.

She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
To all the joys this iſland could afford,
The greateſt miſtreſs, and the kindeſt lord;

Who with the royal mixt her noble blood,
And in high grace with Gloriana stood;
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much;
So well-inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heav'n had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in this span of life,
That tho' few years (too few, alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things but in beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves to lose to leave
The smiling pendent which adorns her so,
And until autumn on the bough should grow;
So seem'd her youthful soul not rashly forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd:
Her fate at once did hasty seem and slow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYR. Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
What Heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wond'ring eyes!
But since the Sisters * did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad Nymph! to let me know the name,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name:

* Parcae.

Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The list'ning trees and savage mountains groan
What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?
GAL. 'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more

XXXVII.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

So we some antique hero's strength,
Learn by his lance's weight and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they dress'd!
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile Head! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The earth's bold sons' prodigious pride:

Heav'n with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

XXXVIII.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

IN A MASK.

Balls of this metal slack'd Atlanta's pace,
And on the amorous youth * bellow'd the race:
Venus, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)
Whom the rich spoils of clogs overthrown
Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe,
For when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tow'r,
That they withstood not that almighty show'r?
Never till then did love make Jove put on
A form more bright and nobler than his own;
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung,
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metal like his dish.

* Hippomenes.

Would Bacchus bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and die creating gold.

XXXIX.

UPON BEN. JOHNSON.

Mirror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her own faults, endures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſic cures.
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to ages, ſexes, nations;
So traced with thy all-reſembling pen,
That whate'er cuſtom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a brother can his brother know)
Is repreſented to the wond'ring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in thoſe glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces, of his mind;
And by the help of ſo divine an art,
At leiſure view and dreſs his nobler part.
Narciſſus, cozen'd by that flatt'ring well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, diſcov'ring the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that Plato had

Behold, what high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use,
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none could render thine, which still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes;
Who was, nor this nor that, but all we finds,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

XI.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

Fletcher, to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.
What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Outdone by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable maid *;

* The Maid's Tragedy.

And when I venture at the comic ſtyle,
Thy ſcornful Lady ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd
Our ſport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard:
So when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the reſt outgo
So far, but that the beſt are meas'ring caſts,
Their emulation and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toſs the axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

XLI.

VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,*

On his taking the degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Padua, in the year 1664.

When as of old the earth's bold children ſtrove,
With hills on hills, to ſcale the throne of Jove,

*This little poem (which is now firſt inſerted among Waller's Works) was printed, together with ſeveral others on the ſame occaſion, by Dr. Rogers, alone with his inaugural exerciſe at Padua, and afterwards in the ſame manner republiſhed by him at London, together with his Harveian oration before the College of Phyſicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. Waller was yet living.

Though the above verſes were firſt printed in 1664, they ſeem to have been written before the Reſtoration, as appears from the lines toward the concluſion.

Pallas and Mars ſtood by their ſov'reign's ſide,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd;
While the wiſe Phœbus, Hermes, and the reſt,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muſes beſt,
Deſcending from their ſo diſtempered ſeat,
Our groves and meadows choſe for their retreat.
There firſt Apollo try'd the various uſe
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juſter title than our noble Friend?
Whom the like tempeſt drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad.
This crowns him here, and in the bays ſo earn'd,
His country's honour is no leſs concern'd,
Since it appears not all the Engliſh rave,
To ruin bent; ſome ſtudy how to ſave:
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His ſacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave Friend! ſuppoſe that thy great ſkill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic iſle,
Their ſpirits calm, and peace again ſhall ſmile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

Patavij, typis Pauli Frambotti.

XLII.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

TO CHLORIS.

Hylas, oh Hylas! why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the ſpring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd ſtrings of thy lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing;
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy deſire.

HYL. Sweeteſt! you know the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compoſe;
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or roſe:
So love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

CHLO. Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe;
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,—
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

HYL. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring;
Time from yourſelf does further remove
You than the winter from the gay ſpring:

She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning hath blaſted.

XLIII.

IN ANSWER OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

STAY here, fond Youth! and aſk no more; be wiſe;
Knowing too much long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

PRO. And by your knowledge we ſhould be bereft
Of all that paradiſe which yet is left.

CON. The virtuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride; and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely, from ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd: he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

PRO. How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be ſtyled virtuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But—to ſleep better; for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himſelf aſleep.

CON. Fruition adds no new wealth but deſtroys,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys.
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat

By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.

PRO. Blessings may be repeated while they cloy;
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
Consume the day, too, in this less delight?

CON. Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled; children there must be:—
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO. I need not plough, since what the stooping hine
Gets of my pregnant land must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What int'rest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

CON. Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls or spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before.

PRO. Plays and romances read and seen, do fall
In our opinions; yet not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON. 'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n if we knew what it were.

PRO. If 'twere not heav'n if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heav'n to thoſe that now are there.

CON. And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

PRO. Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not.
In goodly proſpects who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our ſight;
Where you ſtand wiſely winking, that the view
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.

CON. They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

PRO. Not he that knows the wealth he has is poor,
But he that dares not touch nor uſe his ſtore.

XLIV.

AN APOLOGY

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the uſe
Of the grape's ſurpriſing juice,

To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do nor care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
It is not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light:
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmost sight.

XLV.

THE NIGHT-PIECE:

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get:

There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.
So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Tho' neither day nor stars appear.

XLVI.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS TRANSLATED.

Beginning at V. 437.

. . . . Taleſque miſerrima fletus
Fertque refertque ſoror.

And ending with.

Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærula verrunt. V. 583.

All this her weeping ſiſter * does repeat
To the ſtern man †, whom nothing could entreat;
Loſt were her prayers, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate and great Jove had ſtopp'd his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boiſt'rous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground;
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on ev'ry ſide the hero preſt,
Feels love and pity ſhake his noble breaſt,
And down his cheeks tho' fruitleſs tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heav'n to hate.

* Anna. † Aeneas.

Her resolution to dispatch and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The waters, consecrate for sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her lord *,
A marble temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crown'd;
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful sound;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb,
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophesies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems,
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So to mad Pentheus double Thebes appears,
And furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
Orestes so, with like distraction toss't,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear Sister! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.

* Sichaeus.

Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies
The place where Atlas does support the skies;
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep;
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve:
The course of rivers, and of heav'n can stop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witness, ye Gods! and thou, my dearest part!
How loath I am to tempt this guilty art;
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be dress;
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
May raze the man out of our memory.
Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie,
Hung all with wreaths and flow'ry garlands round,
So by herself was her own fun'ral crown'd.
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her pray'r:

On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.
She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry god,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time when weary mortals ſleep
Their careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
On ſeas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep ſilence fell;
But not on Dido! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?
Or ſhall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by ſad experience, known
The perjur'd race of falſe Laomedon?

With my Sidonians ſhall I give them chaſe,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No;—die! and let this ſword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah, Siſter! vanquiſh'd with my paſſion, thou
Betray'dſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.
Had I been conſtant to Sichæus ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breaſt,
While the Dardanian does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip, for ſudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the ſon of Jove appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
Fair Venus' ſeed! canſt thou indulge thy ſleep,
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind!
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, reſolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This ſaid, the god in ſhades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouſing up his men,
Behold! the gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvaſs ſpread:
What god ſoe'er that thus vouchſafes to lead,

We follow gladly, and thy will obey;
Aſſiſt us ſtill, ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious!—With that word
He cuts the cable with his ſhining ſword:
Thro' all the navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the ſhore, and ruſh into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the luſty Trojans ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

XLVII.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH, TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nouriſh'd them, a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they ſmile,
And in the hand which rudely pluck'd them ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their autumn grow;
So love and Beauty ſtill that viſage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely features which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell;

When that accompliſh'd ſoul, in this fair frame,
No buſineſs had but to perſuade that dame,
Whoſe mutual love advanc'd the youth ſo high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

XLVIII.

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS, WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

TWICE twenty ſlender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine.
As Nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train diſpread,
He wooes the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which ſo adorns the ſkies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dyes.

XLIX.

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN, AND FIGHT AT SEA.

NOW for ſome ages had the pride of Spain
Made the ſun ſhine on half the world in vain,

While she bid War, to all that durst, supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old:
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us Emperors and Popes:
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean-while the Spaniards in America,
Near to the Line the ſun approaching ſaw,
And hop'd their European coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons ſtuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive ſlowly towards their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard ſome ſhips of ours, (tho' out of view)
And, ſwift as eagles, to the quarry flew;
So heedleſs lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragic play,
And with their ſmoky cannons baniſh day:
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable arms embrace the fleets.
Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent ſtars one fate they have,
The ſhip their coffin, and the ſea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhipwreck was the worſt:
More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had ſail'd from near th' Antartic Pole,
Their treaſure ſafe, and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or ſea!

What they would ſpare our fierce art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror and in noiſe.
Once Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray;
Here heav'n in vain that kind retreat ſhould ſound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore
As avarice had digg'd for it before!
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies ſafer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now into her lap the richeſt prize
Fell, with the nobleſt of our enemies:
The Marquis *, (glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent,
To periſh in a milder element;
Then laid him by his burning lady's ſide,
And, ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phœnix-like, in that rich neſt they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd,
And now together are to aſhes turn'd;

* Of Bajadoz.

Aſhes! more worth than all their ſumptuous coſt,
Than the huge treaſure which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying lovers, and their ſtarting ſons,
Suſpend the fight; and ſilence all our guns:
Beauty and youth about to periſh, finds
Such noble pity in brave Engliſh minds,
That (the rich ſpoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to ſave their enemies.
How frail our paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the ſea bluſh with blood, deſign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought they dive.

With theſe returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath ſuch wreaths enough:
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays:
Then let it be as the glad nation prays;
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the ſtate fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal ſceptre, made of Spaniſh gold.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

We must resign! Heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame;
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle:
Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.

From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

LI.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Of the first Paradise there's nothing found;
Plants set by Heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,

Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.
For future ſhade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them ſtand:
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous ſhade,
The gallants dancing by the river ſide;
They bathe in ſummer, and in winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the muſic in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes;
While over-head a flock of new-ſprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the ſun controul,
Dark'ning the ſky: they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton ſailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath a ſhoal of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' ſides:
The ladies angling in the cryſtal lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fiſhes and the men their prize.
A thouſand Cupids on the billows ride,
And ſea-nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide;

From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sov'reign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry.
The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park.
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup.
There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost.
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
'Tho' the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culv'rin it were shot.

Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold ſons of Earth, that thruſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky.
In ſuch green palaces the firſt kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and angels entertain'd;
With ſuch old counſellors they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred groves grew wiſe.
Free from th' impediments of light and noiſe,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives th' ord'ring of his ſtates,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring princes' fates;
What nation ſhall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this orac'lous ſhade;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The proſpect thought and contemplation gives.
That ſeat of empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themſelves apply;
The ſtructure by a prelate * rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
Both, diſproportion'd to the preſent ſtate
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique pile † behold,
Where royal heads receive the ſacred gold:

* Cardinal Wolſey. † Weſtminſter-Abbey.

It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods; like mortals there they sleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of Empire! where they rise they set.
When others fell, this standing did presage
The crown should triumph over popular rage:
Hard by that House * where all our ills were shap'd
Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
The distant country in the ruin shares;
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
Next that capacious Hall † he sees, the room
Where the whole nation does for justice come;
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here, like the people's pastor, he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below;
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find;
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks;
How peaceful olives may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade:

* House of Commons. † Westminster-Hall.

Or how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising kingdoms and of falling states:
What ruling arts gave great Auguſtus fame,
And how Alcides purchas'd ſuch a name.
His eyes, upon his native palace* bent,
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater argument.
His thoughts riſe higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that ſtar expect
Which at his birth appear'd, to let us ſee
Day, for his ſake, could with the night agree;
A prince on whom ſuch diff'rent lights did ſmile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promiſe, or foretel, he will make good;
Reform theſe nations, and improve them more
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

LII.

Of the invaſion and defeat

OF THE TURKS,

IN THE YEAR 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a ſafe delight
Purſuing beaſts, that ſave themſelves by flight,

* St. James's.

Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heav'n,
Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief imperial city of the West*,
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.

The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, tho' a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He Bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.

The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought;
Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.

* Vienna.

Strangled he lies! yet ſeems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and inſtruct the proud,
That of the great, neglecting to be juſt,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of duſt.

The Turks ſo low, why ſhould the Chriſtians loſe
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes?
Neglect their preſent ruin to complete,
Before another Soliman they get?
Too late they would with ſhame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by ſuch a lion led:
He Rhodes and Buda from the Chriſtians tore,
Which timely union might again reſtore.
But, fearing Turks, as if with rage poſſeſt,
The Chriſtians periſh, by themſelves oppreſt:
Cities and provinces ſo dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!

What angel ſhall deſcend to reconcile
The Chriſtian ſtates, and end their guilty toil?
A prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot aſk
Than Britain's king, for ſuch a glorious taſk;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind:
His warrant does the Chriſtian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is ſign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had ſought from her fierce ſons in vain.

In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And ſoldiers have their portion in the fame:

In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid;
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade:
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he march'd unto the throne;
And we own more to Heav'n than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a lord.
Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom grat'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace;
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain.
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told,
This glorious act the living do behold.

LIII.

OF HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd since we first saw the Queen!

She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as she was at her arrival here:
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May ev'ry new year find her still the same
In health and beauty as she hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
First of our queens whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
The glorious Prince * that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both: his conduct wins the day,
And her example chases vice away:
Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

LIV.

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show

* John Sobieski, king of Poland.

To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birthday to salute the Queen.

LV.

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Mother to the Prince of Orange: and of her portrait written by the late Duchess of York while she lived with her.

Heroic Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory of the British court!
Into whose arms the church, the state, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
Tho' straiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:
Like the best oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring:
But above all, a nymph * of your own train
Gives us your character in such a strain,

* Lady Anne Hyde.

As none but ſhe, who in that court did dwell,
Could know ſuch worth, or worth deſcribe ſo well.
So while we mortals here at heav'n do gueſs,
And more our weakneſs than the place expreſs,
Some angel, a domeſtic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath ſeen and known.

LVI.

UPON HER MAJESTY'S *

NEW BUILDINGS AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our iſland bleſs
With princes and with palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town;
And with a brave revenge do ſhow
Their glory went and came with you.

While Peace from hence and you were gone,
Your houſes in that ſtorm o'erthrown,
Thoſe wounds which Civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.

Conſtant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,
Tho' by rude hands their neſts are ſpoil'd,
There the next ſpring again they build.

* Henrietta Maria, queen-dowager of K. Charles I.

Accuſing ſome malignant ſtar,
Not Britain, for that fatal war,
Your kindneſs baniſhes your fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here.
But what new mine this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a pile from ruin riſe?
This, like the firſt creation, ſhows,
As if at your command it roſe.
Frugality and bounty too,
(Thoſe diff'ring virtues) meet in you:
From a confin'd, well-manag'd ſtore,
You both employ and feed the poor.
Let foreign princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of pride and coſt;
Of vaſter fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay:
This, by the Queen herſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The ſtate and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd,
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd,
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Ent'ring, beneath us we deſcry,
And wonder how we came ſo high.
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend;
All ſeems before her feet to bend;

And here, as ſhe was born, ſhe lies,
High, without taking pains to riſe.

LVII.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

Fair hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of ink preſerve it white;
Whoſe travel o'er that ſilver field does ſhow
Like track of leverets in morning ſnow.
Love's image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot or blemiſh to the thought.
Strange that your fingers ſhould the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil!
For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake;
Whoſe breath ſalutes your new-created grove,
Like ſouthern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the foreſt dance, but you
Can make the motion and the foreſt too.

LVIII.

OF THE LADY MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came;
A royal hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely dame.

To her the prince, that did oppoſe
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the ſun does riſe,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

Orange with youth experience has;
In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Auguſtus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Bloſſoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the ſame,
His flow'ry youth with wiſdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are by great Naſſau:
Like thoſe he ſprung from juſt and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy Pair! ſo near ally'd
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this triple knot undo!

The church ſhall be the happy place
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Tho' divers lands a while they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thouſand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all,
For while he thus his niece beſtows,
About our iſle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had theirs been ſuch as Charles has made,
That mighty ſtate till now had ſtood.

LIX.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their works ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verſes and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new envy prevails,
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

LX.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

Tranſlation of Horace, De Arte Poeticâ: and of the uſe of poetry.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The poet writ to noble Piſo there;
A noble Piſo does inſtruct us here;
Gives us a pattern in his flowing ſtyle,
And with rich precepts does oblige our iſle:
Britain! whoſe genius is in verſe expreſs'd,
Bold and ſublime, but negligently dreſs'd.
Horace will our ſuperfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Tho' poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his judgment ſhows.
Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompenſe.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream! ſhould never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thiſtles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature ſow.

Well-founding verſes are the charm we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
The Muſes' friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public, action ſhines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praiſe of great acts he ſcatters as a ſeed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verſes, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd)
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known what they diſcreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the raviſh'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as, of old, wiſe bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd men their wild retreats forſake;
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raiſing cities with their charming lutes:
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muſes taught.

So wand'ring bees would periſh in the air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the ſpoil,
Preſerv'd in winter by their ſummer's toil;
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the abſent ſun ſupply.

LXI.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM

DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

Floribus Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cùm ſatis indigenis te probet ipſe Liber:
Per me Roma ſciet tibi ſe debere, quòd Anglo
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæſare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce ſcripta videt.
Conſilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, eſto!
Sed ſtudio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic inſtructus, et arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; diſcordes Flandria quaſſa monet.
Hic diſcat miles pugnare, orare ſenator;
Qui regnant, leni ſceptra tenere manu.

Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; vestri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

LXII.

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S

Expedition into Scotland in the summer solstice.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (the winged god *)
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command,
And in a moment reach'd that northern land,
Where day contending with approaching night,
Assists the hero with continu'd light.
On fogs surpris'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
And then, like lightning, thro' that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with such a terror struck,
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britons should be lost;

* Mercury.

Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the flyers than to win the field;
And at the Court his int'reſt does employ,
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal ſword, ſhould die.

And now theſe raſh bold men their error find,
Not truſting one beyond his promiſe kind;
One! whoſe great mind, ſo bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to ſave.

In vulgar breaſts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as theſe his high extraction tell,
And give a ſecret joy to him that reigns *,
To ſee his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins;
To ſee a leader whom he got and choſe,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But ſeeing envy, like the ſun, does beat,
With ſcorching rays, on all that's high and great,
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muſes ſend to ſhade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like ſquibs, may make a preſent blaze,
But time and thunder pay reſpect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our preſent view,
Kept by the Muſe as radiant and as new
As from the forge of Vulcan firſt they came;
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame;
Such care ſhe takes to pay deſert with fame!
Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompenſe.

* K. Charles II.

LXIII.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

When thro' the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller the ſun,
Hither at length the Roman Eagle flies,
As the laſt triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
As heir to Julius, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this iſland bend;
But Portſmouth, ſpringing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chaſe,
As they great Cæſar did oppoſe, makes head,
And does againſt this new invader lead.
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs and fearleſs to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for ſhe knows the day
Muſt not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain theſe, and thoſe for Rome.
Dreſs'd to advantage, this illuſtrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the liſt appear.
What may the Fates deſign! for never yet
From diſtant regions two ſuch beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Vict'ry to declare herſelf ſeems loath:

Over the camp, with doubtful wings, ſhe flies,
Till Chloris ſhining in the field ſhe ſpies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thouſand Graces waited on the dame:
Her matchleſs form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties leſs aſſurance had:
Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the ball:
Which to determine Love himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the neglected ſhould become leſs kind.
Such killing looks! ſo thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unſafe to be a ſtander-by.
Poets, approaching to deſcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inſtructed how to write.
They with leſs hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alſatia;
And with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the ſplendour of our Golden Age:
Where Love gives law, Beauty the ſceptre ſways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

LXIV.

OF AN ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Thus mourn the Muſes, on the herſe
Not ſtrowing tears, but laſting verſe,

Which ſo preſerve the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines ſo like his own,
Gives him ſo juſt and high renown,
That ſhe th' afflicted world relieves,
And ſhews that ſtill in her he lives:
Her wit as graceful, great, and good;
Ally'd in genius as in blood.
His loſs ſupply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph ſhould melt in tears.
Then, faireſt Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our ſake,
Leſt his fair ſoul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

LXV.

UPON OUR LATE LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The failing bloſſoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the ſucceeding years;
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the firſt trial, to accompliſh things.
Mankind was firſt created an eſſay;
That ruder draught the deluge waſh'd away.
How many ages paſs'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this iſle!

How long in vain had Nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect princeſs ere her Highneſs came?
For joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait;
'Tis the ſet price of happineſs complete.
As a firſt fruit Heav'n claim'd that lovely boy;
The next ſhall live, and be the nation's joy.

LXVI.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the drawing of the poſture and progreſs of his Majeſty's forces at ſea, under the command of his Highneſs Royal; together with the battle and victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3. 1665.

First draw the ſea, that portion which between
The greater world and this of ours is ſeen:
Here place the Britiſh, there the Holland fleet,
Vaſt floting armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who ſhould reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unuſual ſtar
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the ſea ſhine with gallantry, and all
The Engliſh youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whoſe early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct ſhow'd:

His bright ſword now a dearer int'reſt draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cauſe.
Let thy bold pencil hope and courage ſpread
Thro' the whole navy, by that hero led:
Make all appear where ſuch a Prince is by,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die.
With his extraction and his glorious mind,
Make the proud ſails ſwell more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the ocean, and mankind
Aſk his conſent to uſe the ſea and wind.
While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an Eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of Holland for their navy's ſtay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to ſhun,
Thro' the cold North and rocky regions run.
To find the coaſt where morning firſt appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian ſteers;
Confeſſing now, he dreads the Engliſh more
Than all the dangers of a frozen ſhore;
While from our arms, ſecurity to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the day behind.
Deſcribe their fleet abandoning the ſea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey:

Our firſt ſucceſs in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy loſe,
Diſarm'd of that from which their courage grows;
While the glad Engliſh, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great leader drink the ſpoil.
His high command to Afric's coaſt extend,
And make the Moors before the Engliſh bend:
Thoſe barb'rous pirates willingly receive
Conditions ſuch as we are pleas'd to give.
Deſerted by the Dutch, let nations know
We can our own and their great bus'neſs do;
Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which worſe than tempeſts did infeſt the main.
Within thoſe Streights make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a ſmall ſquadron of the Engliſh meet;
Like falcons theſe, thoſe like a num'rous flock
Of fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the ſhock.
There paint Confuſion in a various ſhape;
Some ſink, ſome yield; and, flying, ſome eſcape.
Europe and Africa, from either ſhore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight ſo deſerve to rule the ſea.
But, nearer home, thy pencil uſe once more,
And place our navy by the Holland ſhore:
The world they compaſs'd while they fought with
But here already they reſign the main: [Spain,

Thoſe greedy mariners, out of whoſe way
Diffuſive Nature could no region lay,
At home, preſerv'd from rocks and tempeſts, lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their ſingle towns th' Iberian armies preſt;
We all their provinces at once inveſt;
And in a month ruin their traffic more
Than that long war could in an age before.

But who can always on the billows lie?
The watry wilderneſs yields no ſupply.
Spreading our ſails, to Harwich we reſort,
And meet the beauties of the Britiſh court.
Th' illuſtrious Ducheſs, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing ſea-gods, ſince the Paphian Queen *
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs pow'rs for us themſelves declare,
Reſolv'd the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
And help the nation where ſuch beauties ſpring:
The ſoldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.

Mean-while, like bees, when ſtormy winter's gone,
The Dutch (as if the ſea were all their own)
Deſert their ports, and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.
Thus flouriſh they, before the approaching fight,
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

* Venus.

To check their pride, our fleet half victuall'd goes,
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes;
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold:
A greater force than that which here we find
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning, (heav'n severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear;
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters rush,
Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush;
With swelling sails so, from their sev'ral coasts,
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;
They for the empire of the world they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heav'n nor sea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines but that by which men die,
There York appears, so prodigal is he
Of royal blood as ancient as the sea!

Which down to him, ſo many ages told,
Has thro' the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field
Till Vulcan that impenetrable ſhield
And arms had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,
But ſhafts and darts which the weak Phrygians threw.
Our bolder hero on the deck does ſtand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land;
Defenſive arms laid by as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.
Some power unſeen thoſe princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt him firſt Opdam his ſquadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the Swedes,
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to periſh by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow ſides;
Yet, not inclin'd the Engliſh ſhip to board,
More on his guns relies than on his ſword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd;
It miſs'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
Three worthy perſons,* from his ſide it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their ſcatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſand lives!
On ſuch a theatre as this to die,
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a witneſs by!

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muſkerry, and Mr. Boyle.

Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?
The rest, about him strook with horror stood,
To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood.
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins,
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge he fought:
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,
The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him abandon'd,—and their lives!
He storms and shoots; but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow:
They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
For such a loss Opdam his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board;
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged vessel, like an eagle flows,
When thro' the clouds to truss a swan she goes:
The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock;
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day:

Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
The silent Ocean does th' event attend,
Which leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success,
When Heav'n itself, for England to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle, into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tost,
Which that young prince * had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.
His flight tow'rds heav'n th' aspiring Belgian took,
But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British Admiral:
From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;
That bears the radiant ensign of the day,
And she the flag that governs in the sea.

The Duke, (ill pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
The work which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accustom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of Heav'n to see,
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.

* Prince of Orange.

Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious men;
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid
Both thoſe that led, and thoſe that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, diſpoſing of their fates,
Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,
With which he pleads his brother's cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The ſea with ſpoils his angry bullets ſtrow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ſhip fragments of veſſels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcaſſes, are borne,
And his deſpairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvaſs to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he liſts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the ſhore, and with a boiſt'rous rage
Does heav'n at once, and earth, and ſea engage.
The Dutch, elſewhere, did thro' the watry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But Engliſh courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter, takes delight:
Their bloody taſk, unweary'd ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of hail, from either ſide are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!

Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage.
Death-hast'ning gifts Nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent!
But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,
So fierce at first, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive and raise themselves with mod'rate show'rs;
But overcharg'd with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find,
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the so-intangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float,
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.
And now our Royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless:
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,

His cannons roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam:
The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at ev'ry door to knock.
His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning destruction) hastens their despair;
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost,
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold
As sheep a lion leaping tow'rds their fold:
Those piles which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.
"What wonders may not English valour work,
"Led by th' example of victorious York?
"Or what defence against him can they make,
"Who at such distance does their country shake?
"His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,
"And let in both the ocean and the foe."
Thus cry the people;—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the deep;
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Those arms which freed them from the Spanish yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have a while
Forgot thy art, and us'd another style;
For tho' you draw arm'd heroes as they sit,
The task in battle does the Muses fit:
They in the dark confusion of a fight
Discover all, instruct us how to write;

And light and honour to brave actions yield,
Hid in the ſmoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come ſhall know that leader's toil,
And his great name on whom the Muſes ſmile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,
And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the nobles met,
And our Great Monarch* high above them ſet:
Like young Auguſtus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at ſea,
Where Egypt's Queen †, and Eaſtern Kings o'er-thrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the world his own.
Laſt draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treaſure to ſupply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the main:
And with a preſent to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

* K. Charles II. † Cleopatra.

LXVII.

A presage of the ruin
OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE:
presented to
HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II.
on his birth-day.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the British throne,
Truce, well observ'd, has been infring'd by none:
Christians to him their present union owe,
And late success against the common foe;
While neighb'ring princes, loath to urge their fate,
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our island sent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A prince more fit for such a glorious task
Than England's King, from Heav'n we cannot ask:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.

Such kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repress the bold,
And, while they flourish, make an Age of Gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At ſea ſucceſsful, vigorous, and ſtrong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Eſteem and rev'rence thro' the world do find.
A prince with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he preſuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours ceaſe,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to preſent peace,
Join to the Turk's deſtruction, and their bring
All their pretences to ſo juſt a king.

If the ſucceſsful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, ſo great applauſe do find,
Shall the vex'd world leſs honour yield to thoſe
That ſtop their progreſs, and their rage oppoſe?
Next to that Pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is to ſet bounds, and give Ambition law.

The Britiſh Monarch ſhall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer ſlave;
That ſource of art and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.

The baniſh'd Muſes ſhall no longer mourn,
But may with Liberty to Greece return:
Tho' ſlaves, (like birds that ſing not in a cage)
They loſt their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found,
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vaſt empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be ſoon undone,
Did not this hero make their int'reſt one;
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Creſcent low.
Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing ſun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun;
And this great day, (ſo juſtly honour'd here!)
Known to the Eaſt, and celebrated there.

Haec ego longaevus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
Auſus et ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem." Virg.

LXVIII.

THESE VERSES

were writ in the

TASSO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Tasso knew how the fairer ſex to grace,
But in no one durſt all perfection place.
In her alone that owns this book is ſeen,
Clorinda's ſpirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princeſs here, as in a glaſs, does dreſs
Her well-taught mind, and ev'ry grace expreſs.

More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

LXIX.

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n ſmiles
Upon theſe late diſcover'd iſles.

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas ſtain'd with gore I ſing, advent'rous toil!
And how theſe monſters did diſarm an iſle.

Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy iſland where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Heſperian garden boaſts of none ſo fair;
Where ſhining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich ſhore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aſpires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The ſmoke by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might on ſacred altars burn.
Their private roofs on ed'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.

The ſweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield,
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit, carouſing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans ſhow,
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage, the miſtreſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at ſome conſtant ſeaſons, ev'ry year
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of things, which they
To Engliſh landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould that the bleſt tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains and the juicy pine,
On choiceſt melons and ſweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame trees live;
At once they promiſe what at once they give.
So ſweet the air, ſo moderate the clime,
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.

Heav'n ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their fruit for the next age's taſte:
There a ſmall grain in ſome few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The palma-chriſti, and the fair papà,
Now but a ſeed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region ſet,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern tract our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe and ill-conſtrained notes,
While the ſupporter of the poets' ſtyle,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
Oh! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions, love.
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtring ſo high,
With the ſweeet ſound of Sachariſſa's name
I'll make the liſt'ning ſavages grow tame.——
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THO' rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the num'rous Turk despise,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which shakes their hearts, while tho' the isle they hear
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may grow:
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast:
One as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay;
So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes; when the whales

Againſt ſharp rocks, like reeling veſſels quaſh'd,
Tho' huge as mountains, are in pieces daſh'd:
Along the ſhore their dreadful limbs lie ſcatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes ſhaken, torn, and ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of braſs they had who tempted firſt
Rude ſeas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news thro' all the nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoil,
And, as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntſman by the bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold—before he caught the beaſt!

They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm;
Pikes, halberts, ſpits, and darts that wound ſo far,
The tools of peace and inſtruments of war.
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to ſhow
What love or honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With rev'rend age and lovely laſſes crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's ſhare:
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh peers;
And worthy he the mem'ry to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,

Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And thro' the new world ſpread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſs toil,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the iſle.

The boat which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his ſide ſo rudely gor'd,
Loud as the ſea that nouriſh'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive, in boiling water caſt,
Vex'd with unwonted heat he flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed jav'lin ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuff'ring waves.
Like Spenſer's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like ſome huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth ſea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when, provok'd, ſhe wou'd
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud:

The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This ſees the cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With deſp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the ſeas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt tho' the winds be ſtill.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wiſh this cub away:
Their wiſh they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap thro' which they thither came)
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake,
A pris'ner there but for his mother's ſake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd.
They ſhout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances ſpent, one, bolder than the reſt,
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt:
Her oily ſide devours both blade and haft,
And there his ſteel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,

And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight.
She ſwims in blood, and blood does ſpouting throw
To heav'n, that Heav'n men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed jav'lins in her ſide ſhe wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;
You would have thought, had you the monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the air with ſuch a noiſe,
As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her eſcaped ſon.
He, tho' a league removed from the foe,
Haſtes to her aid: the pious Trojan * ſo,
Neglecting for Creuſa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazed, bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of monſters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindneſs, what the Grecian ſung,
That Love's bright mother from the Ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and, hopeleſs now, they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh;
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore again,
Thro' rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the main.
But how inſtructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monſters find?

* Aeneas.

Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous fam protected so,
They charge their muſquets, and, with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh of the incenſed whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to ſend
For the loud engines which their iſle defend;
But what thoſe pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on thoſe mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who ſends
A tide ſo high that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monſters loſt, and they their arms.

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